

I'm On My Knees, Begging You Please

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11534604) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11534604>.

Rating:

[Explicit](#)

Archive Warning:

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Category:

[M/M](#)

Fandom:

[방탄소년단](#) | [Bangtan Boys](#) | [BTS](#)

Relationship:

[Jeon Jungkook/Kim Taehyung](#) | [V](#)

Characters:

[Jeon Jungkook](#), [Kim Taehyung](#) | [V](#), [Park Jimin \(BTS\)](#)

Additional Tags:

[JK is a bad boy](#), [Sort Of](#), [church boy!](#) [taehyung](#), [unfortunately no church sex maybe next time](#), [Anal Fingering](#), [First Time](#), [Bottom Kim Taehyung](#) | [V](#), [Top Jeon Jungkook](#), [Overstimulation](#), [Edging](#), [Omorashi](#), [just a little](#), [Fluff](#), [very very little angst](#)

Language:

[English](#)

Series:

Part 1 of [Churchboy! Tae](#)

Stats:

Published: 2017-07-18 Words: 21,792 Chapters: 1/1

I'm On My Knees, Begging You Please

by [captainheyturnitup](#)

Summary

Taehyung has spent his entire life at church, praying, volunteering, spending time with his family and friends. He struggles to come to terms with how attracted he is to the hot bad boy in his math class that's suddenly showing interest in him.

(Of course, he gives in to temptation, falling in love with the tattooed boy he once helped pass math class.)

Notes

back on that gay shit. this started out really angsty but idk who i was playing this was just for smut as usual but wow how did this get so long i'm sorry.

for jk imagine those christian yu pics everyones always freaking out about (including me)

**updated the tags bc everyone thought this was gonna be angsty
oops

***and i found some spelling errors i had to fix lol

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dear God,

I really don't know why I've been feeling like this. I don't know why this is happening, I don't know how to stop it, but I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't feel like this, really. And I'm begging you to understand that I don't want to.

But it's just... no I shouldn't make excuses. A boy in my math class is swaying my feelings and it's not right. Those are the facts. But, please. I don't know what to do. These thoughts just pop into my head unbidden. The devil must have it out for me and I'm trying my hardest to stay strong. I just want you to know I'm trying.

Please forgive me. Give me strength to keep trying.

The worn leather of the pew rustles as Taehyung shifts uncomfortably, his knees protesting at kneeling for so long, the weight of his sins weighing heavily on his shoulders. After taking a moment to collect himself, he attempts a small smile, his lips twitching before falling back down. He quickly tries to replace it, however, when he makes eye contact with the Father as he makes his way around the corner.

“Ah, Taehyung, good to see you! We’ve been seeing you a lot these days. Is anything the matter?”

Taehyung lets out a strained laugh, hoping he doesn’t appear too unnatural.

“Oh, you know. The semester is already halfway done, a lot of assignments are piling in. I’m just trying to keep a balance between school and God. Maybe get some help with my grades.”

The Father chuckles and pats Taehyung on the shoulder.

“You have a great relationship with the Lord, I’m sure you could sacrifice a few days for studying. And I’m sure you’ll do great on your exams.”

As the older man walks away, Taehyung hopes what he said was true. He’s going to need all the help he can get, both with his grades and his actual subject of prayer. His thoughts continue looping back to his conversation with God as he makes his way to his car, hoping his consistent prayers are enough to keep him on good terms with the man upstairs.

When Taehyung arrives home, he opens the door to the comforting smell of dumpling soup and bibimbap wafting from the kitchen— his favorite. He jogs up the stairs to quickly toss his backpack and jacket into his bedroom before running back to the kitchen, waving hello to his dad as he passes by. His mother is standing at the stove shaking some spices into the pot of soup and humming quietly to herself. She turns around when she notices his presence, opening her arms to accept a hug and kiss on the cheek from Taehyung.

“You’re just in time for dinner. Go call your dad in so we can eat.”

Taehyung does a happy dance from the kitchen to the living room, hearing his mom laugh and forgetting his misery from earlier.

Until his mom mentions Kim Minji at the dinner table. Taehyung tries to cover up his knee-jerk grimace.

“So I heard Minji is also going to be at the festival tomorrow. Have you heard from her recently?”

Minji— long, wavy brown hair, small frame, and a pleasant personality— is Taehyung’s mom’s favorite girl in their church community, almost like a daughter to her. She attends most every community event the church holds, much like Taehyung, so between mass on Sundays and events throughout the year, they’ve become good friends among the church. Minji is a lovely girl and Taehyung considers her a good friend, but, as much as he won’t admit it to anyone, he can’t find it in himself to think of her as more than that— a friend.

“Not particularly. It’ll be good to see her again.”

The smile that finds its way on his mother’s face makes a minuscule piece of his heart break.

“She’s a nice girl, isn’t she?”

This conversation is one they’ve had on numerous occasions and Taehyung just wants to enjoy his favorite meal in peace.

“She’s a really nice girl. I think she’s been talking about a boyfriend recently, I hope everything’s going well for her.”

While Minji *has* been making googly eyes at her phone the past few times they’ve met, he’s not exactly sure that means it’s a boyfriend.

Hopefully his mom can take a hint and they can talk about something else.

His devotion to the church must really be paying off, because his mom chews on her bite of rice thoughtfully before speaking again.

“How has school been going?”

Though he doesn’t particularly want to discuss school either, it’s a welcome change from the earlier topic. As his mom drones on about her days as an undergrad student, Taehyung’s mind unintentionally wanders to the boy in his math class, his espresso-brown hair, the way it sometimes falls messily over his eyes, other times pushed back effortlessly with a little bit of gel. His round, sultry eyes, the broad edges of his shoulders, the sneak peaks of the toned muscles of his biceps when he wears a t-shirt.

Taehyung’s mind wanders farther, formulating an accurate of an image of a sculpted stomach and calculating just how solid his thighs might feel under Taehyung’s fingers—

“Taehyung?”

Taehyung snaps back into reality, a blush flushing his face and his thoughts immediately turning reprimanding. His mom is looking at him expectantly. “Sorry, what?”

His mom levels him with a look before brushing it off. “I asked if you wanted a ride to campus in the morning, since your father is leaving later for work.”

“Oh, sure. That’d be great.”

And once again, with his mom off his back his mind is drawn back to that boy from his math class, this time wondering if he’ll ever find out his name.

Taehyung arrives in the classroom early for once, sitting in his usual chair even before Jimin does; Jimin is always the one laughing as Taehyung comes in breathless from his long trek across campus between classes.

After a few minutes of scrolling through his twitter feed, Jimin slides into the chair beside Taehyung’s, already commenting about the younger boy’s punctuality. Taehyung moves to throw Jimin the side-eye, but his eye catches on the person walking through the door, and once he registers who it is, he can’t look away.

Today the boy is wearing a beige button-up over a black t-shirt, tucked into a tight pair of jeans heavily distressed at the knees, and a black belt accentuating the curves of his broad figure. His sleeves are rolled up and the shirt is unbuttoned, and, yet, Taehyung wonders how this man can make such a casual outfit compliment his muscles so well.

Jimin smacks him on the arm and gives Taehyung an incredulous look in response to the younger’s confused expression. “What was that for?”

“You weren’t even pretending to listen to me. Who are you even

looking at?”

Taehyung guiltily looks in another direction hoping Jimin won't be able to pin-point where exactly his eyes were drawn. After a few seconds of searching the room, Jimin's eyes land on wavy brown hair and a glinting watch before his head jerks back to Taehyung. “You weren't looking at Jeongguk were you?”

“Who's Jeongguk?”

Truthfully, Taehyung didn't know until now that the boy's name is Jeongguk, so he isn't really lying. Jimin sees right through him, anyway, and rolls his eyes before leaning in close, like he's getting ready to share a secret. “Whatever you do, don't get involved with a guy like that.”

“What do you mean ‘a guy like that’? It's not kind to judge people, Jiminie.”

“But I know him. He's in the same club as me, he's an amazing dancer, but he's barely spoken more than three words to me, and we've been in the same club for over three months. Plus, I hear he's slept with, like, half the student body. Girls *and* guys.”

Taehyung sighs and looks back at Jeongguk. He's heard the rumors, too. Jeongguk is the stereotypical bad boy; he wears leather jackets, goes clubbing and has sex with too many people, and has tattoos (though Taehyung's never seen, only heard) to boot. But Taehyung's only ever heard these things from other people and what he told Jimin is what he believes. He'll keep a neutral (really, neutral) opinion of Jeongguk until he has reason to feel otherwise.

“Those are just rumors.”

Jimin isn't given a chance to reply before their professor walks in and immediately begins lecturing. Taehyung pretends to busy himself with his notebook and pencil case to avoid seeing the look Jimin is pegging him with.

The rest of the lecture Taehyung's mind is imploding; thinking of Jeongguk, the boy everyone whispers about when he walks passed, questions of why he's never seen around campus with a girl on his arm, but can all too easily be found dancing at the club. The looks, both in envy and lust, as he drives by in his sleek black Range Rover after classes.

But he's almost always alone. And though Taehyung's eyes are drawn in by the bold eyebrows and sharp jawline, they linger, wondering why those doe eyes are always accompanied by a stern frown on pink lips. He thinks they'd look even better with a smile.

As the professor drones on about the Mean Value Theorem, Taehyung's thoughts drift further to Jeongguk on his knees, peeking up at Taehyung with a glint in his eyes, or Jeongguk pinning him against a wall with his strong biceps. He doesn't know why he's suddenly overwhelmed with such thoughts, and he thinks it must be the devil tempting him. That's the only way such feelings can be justified.

That must be it, Taehyung thinks. There's no way I could like him anyway, I barely even know him. The devil must be behind this, so I have to stay strong. These thoughts could never be considered anything other than sinful.

It's late at night when Taehyung drops his pencil and stares at his almost empty Starbucks cup, mourning his then-unwillingness to buy another cup before the shop closed, now needing that liquid energy to bolster him through the rest of his study session. There are no late-night activities at the Hub tonight, something about an evening football game that "the entire campus" is attending, but Taehyung's house was stifling, his skin felt tight and his heart was aching and he just needed to get away for awhile.

So here he is, sitting at a long table by himself in the food court of the university center with his math book and notebooks spread out in front of him, attempting to make the last of his hazelnut cappuccino last for as long as he can manage. Now that he's paused from the relentless math review he prepared for himself, his mind loops the conversation he overheard from his mother just before he made the split-second decision to start studying for the impending math midterm early.

"Our Taehyungie, he just... I don't know. I know he's only turning 22, but he's never brought a girlfriend home, and I'm starting to get worried for him. He's handsome, isn't he? He's almost graduated from college, and most boys will start finding a nice girl to make a family with, right?"

He hadn't stayed to hear the rest, he doesn't even know who she was talking to, but her words sit heavily in the pit of his stomach. *What is wrong with me?* His mother is sitting at home worried if he'll find a girlfriend, and Taehyung is over here shamelessly lusting after some boy who probably doesn't even know his name. *My mom is expecting a family and I'm going to disappoint her.*

It's then, in the middle of his self-loathing, that a soft voice breaks him out of his thoughts.

"Excuse me. Um... you're in MATH 230 with Professor Robin, right?"

Taehyung's heart almost stops when his eyes trail up ripped jeans covering thick thighs to find Jeongguk looking down at him from where he stands next to Taehyung's chair. The wide eyes behind silver-rimmed circle glasses entrance him, and Taehyung takes a beat to realize the boy asked him a question.

"Yes! Yes, I am. You are, too, right? I'm Taehyung."

Taehyung is not sure what he's saying, he just knows his mouth is rambling and his hands are gesturing too wildly to be simply introducing himself.

"I'm Jeongguk. Can I sit down?" Jeongguk juts his chin towards the empty chair next to Taehyung and the other nods his head all too eagerly.

"Of course, please do."

Taehyung isn't sure whether to thank God or plead for forgiveness, but the boy who Taehyung has been eyeing for the better part of two months is asking to sit next to him despite the hundreds of empty spaces in the hub at almost midnight on a Friday.

Jeongguk places his black leather bag on the table before turning to face Taehyung. "I came here to review my math notes, but halfway through I figured out that practically all of my notes are useless if I don't understand the material. I saw you studying and I know this is probably too much to ask of someone I barely know, but could we study together? I'd buy you a coffee but Starbuck's is already closed and I really need to do better on this midterm."

Jeongguk's doe eyes grow even wider, looking at Taehyung with a pleading look, and Taehyung would not have turned away someone in

need regardless, but he definitely can't say no now. He smiles and hopes he isn't coming off too eager. "I'd love to study together! It gets lonely studying by myself so much."

Jeongguk thanks him as he shuffles to retrieve his notebook and a pencil from his bag, pushing it away to have enough room to write. Taehyung peeks over to see what Jeongguk was working on before he came over. "Is there anything in particular you needed help with?"

They lose track of time as Taehyung explains each concept until Jeongguk understands. It's after almost two hours of reviewing and practice problems that they call it a night and start packing up. Taehyung isn't sure what he was expecting from Jeongguk, maybe a brief 'thank you' or a 'see you in class' before he walks away, but he's pleasantly surprised when the other boy asks, "So are you heading home now?"

"I don't know. I skipped out on dinner earlier, so I might grab something on my way back."

Jeongguk stuffs one— *strong, tough, oh god I can see his veins*— hand into the front pocket of his jeans and peers at Taehyung through his circle glasses. "I was thinking the same. You wanna grab something together?"

"Sure! Which direction are you headed? I know there's a 24 hour McDonald's on Main Street."

"I can do whatever, I drove here. Do you live far? We can head towards your place if you want."

After deciding that, based on the time reaching nearly two in the morning, McDonald's is the best option regardless of which direction, Taehyung finds himself riding in the most luxurious car he's ever seen. The car seats are a soft, black leather— heated, of course, because why wouldn't they be— and Taehyung has enough room to stretch his legs in front of him, despite how utterly cramped he usually is.

The most exciting part about the five minute ride between campus and McDonald's, however, is the Big Bang song that blares from the speakers upon starting the car. Jeongguk hurriedly tries to change the song, but Taehyung is belting out the lines before he gets the chance to. With an amused smile, the Big Bang stays on the radio.

When Jeongguk drops him off at his house, Taehyung hurries quietly up to his room so he can squeal into his pillow in peace.

Monday brings the return of classes, a full day of lessons, ending with Taehyung rushing, as per usual, from his psychology class all the way to math on the other end of campus in a mere fifteen minutes. When he bursts through the door, out of breath and jacket hanging off one shoulder in attempts to ventilate his sweat, his typical seat is sandwiched between Jeongguk and a very confused looking Jimin.

He sits down before shrugging his backpack and jacket off onto the back of his chair. Taehyung blatantly ignores Jimin's appalled stare, turning to greet Jeongguk with a pleasant smile. When Taehyung faces forward again, Jimin leans in to whisper in his ear, "Am I the only confused one here?"

"I have no idea why you would feel that way, Jimin."

Jimin must sense his resolve because he doesn't bring it up the rest of class. Once the professor concludes his lecture and students begin packing their things to leave, Jeongguk turns to Taehyung. "I must say, this is the first time all semester I've understood what he was talking about."

Taehyung lets out a giggle, both at what Jeongguk said and the way Jimin is standing awkwardly at Taehyung's side waiting to leave. "I'm glad. Let me know if you need more help, yeah?"

With a brief nod and a *see you tomorrow*, Jeongguk heads out of the classroom first. As soon as he is out of sight, Jimin smacks Taehyung's arm with the back of his hand. "What the hell was that? Since when were you in cahoots with *Jeongguk*?"

"Don't talk about him like that. He's a nice guy. We were both studying in the hub the other day, so we decided to study together, no big deal."

For the next few weeks, Jeongguk continues to sit beside Taehyung, diligently taking down notes and occasionally leaning over to ask Taehyung to clarify a concept he doesn't understand. The midterm passes, making way for the few weeks before finals, and after the grades come out, Jeongguk excitedly shares that he got a 90, bringing his grade up to a solid B. Taehyung got an A, too, but this is nothing new, so he doesn't mention it.

"I'm so happy for you, Jeongguk."

“I just wish I had asked for your help sooner, maybe then I could actually have gotten an A.”

Taehyung cocks his head at Jeongguk, giving him a confused look. “What do you mean? You said you have an 85 now, right? You would just have to get the same grade on the final and, boom, A!”

Jeongguk looks hesitant, so Taehyung takes the initiative. *I’m just helping a friend.* “We can meet up and study together? I’d study anyway, and this way you can get an A.”

“As long as it wouldn’t be a burden.”

Taehyung jumps excitedly in his mind. Outwardly he smiles at Jeongguk. “Of course it wouldn’t be a burden. I’ll text you about it.”

They wave goodbye, Taehyung bounding over to Jimin, who is chatting with another one of their classmates. Jimin gives him a look like he knows what Taehyung is thinking before wrapping up his conversation with the girl that sits next to him. He doesn’t say anything about it to Taehyung, though, for which the younger is ever thankful.

Next Friday finds Taehyung and Jeongguk in the same place, sitting on the second floor overlooking the dining area, this time at a more reasonable time in the afternoon. They decide to study right after math class, the Hub buzzing with people grabbing a quick bite between classes or chatting excitedly at the tables. Taehyung printed off sample problems for practice and Jeongguk has his notes spread

out, attempting to identify which topics he still doesn't understand.

After over two hours, Taehyung gets a text from his mom wondering if he's coming home for dinner. Not one to pass on free food, Taehyung texts his mom a yes in reply and looks apologetically at Jeongguk. "I'm sorry, can we stop here for today? My mom made dinner."

Jeongguk looks away from his notes, looking thankful for a break. "Yeah, no problem. Let me give you a ride back."

"Oh, no, you don't have to. The buses are still running at this time." Jeongguk ignores him and packs up his notebooks, not sparing Taehyung a single glance. When he finally looks back at Taehyung, he says, "C'mon, I'm driving you home."

Taehyung looks down at his worn New Balances in attempts to hide the pink rising to his cheeks. Jeongguk's just offering to drive Taehyung home—to his house that's fifteen minutes off campus, *wow*—probably as repayment for the study help, yet Taehyung is acting like a blushing virgin.

Which you are! a voice in the back of his mind shouts. "Thanks so much, you really don't have to."

Jeongguk leads the way to the parking garage adjacent the Hub. The past few days have given the college students a bit of a reprieve, a bout of warmth amongst biting cold winds and flurries of snow. So warm, in fact, that students have been swarming the lawns outside, tossing frisbees and soaking up the sun. Taehyung's embraced the weather, too—who knows how long it'll last—with his jeans rolled up and a red long-sleeve cut to stop just at the top of his waistband, the holes in the sleeves perfect for the gentle breeze rustling through his hair. Jeongguk seems to be taking advantage of the weather as well, yellow and white Stussy shirt tucked into a pair of distressed

jeans. Taehyung had to force his eyes away from the veins running along Jeongguk's exposed forearms and back to the significantly less arousing practice exam in front of him several times.

As they approach the prestigious Range Rover that glimmers like a diamond in the rough amongst run-down 2007 Toyotas and the occasional hand-me-down Nissan, Taehyung finds himself flustered when Jeongguk walks up to the passenger door, and flushes when he realizes Jeongguk is opening the door to let him in the car. He tries not to squeal in the three seconds it takes for Jeongguk to round the car to the driver's side. Taehyung can't stay quiet, however, when Jeongguk presses the button— a button to *turn on his car*— and shamelessly blasts Rain, a playlist of throwbacks the whole way to Taehyung's house.

Taehyung is lounging in his bed, leisurely working through his online graphic design coursework that's not due for another week. Jeongguk had rushed out of math class earlier, seemingly having something to do, so Taehyung went back home early to lay around and maybe watch anime after dinner, if he finishes his homework (he'll watch anime, anyway).

He stops reading the website, thoughts drifting to Jeongguk; it's been about two weeks of meeting after their class to do homework and practice exams, and Taehyung prays that the younger's comprehension of the material is improving. Based on his performance on the practice problems Taehyung supplies, he is. He just hopes they can both pull through with A's at the end of the semester.

Taehyung's phone buzzes then on his nightstand, so he closes out his coursework, recognizing he won't be working on it anymore tonight.

Jeongguk 8)

hey, u busy? was thinking of getting some work done now

i'm not busy

but i went home after class earlier since you seemed busy

Jeongguk 8)

ah i knew i would be too lucky if you were still on campus

*hope i can text you if i have questions. looked at the hw earlier and it looks
hella*

*Taehyung starts typing an of course you can! before backspacing and
clutching his phone to his chest. We'd just be studying, there's absolutely
nothing wrong with studying.*

i was just about to work on it too

you could come round?

only if you want

*There's approximately 60 seconds without a response from Jeongguk
and Taehyung starts freaking out.*

what am i saying

my house is pretty far off campus

you wouldn't want to come here

Jeongguk's response comes almost immediately after.

Jeongguk 8)

what are you saying?

it's not far at all

on the way to my apartment actually

would that really be okay?

Taehyung's heart does a flip-flop.

of course!

i wouldn't want you to struggle with the homework

When Jeongguk confirms his address and texts him *on my way*, Taehyung rolls around on his bed quickly, then frantically picks up the socks randomly strewn about the floor of his room and pushes his pile of manga under his bed. He runs down to the kitchen to warn his mom that *a friend* is coming over to study. Taehyung runs back upstairs to organize his math materials and search up a few practice problems in case they finish the homework quickly.

Half an hour later, Taehyung runs down the stairs at the sound of the doorbell ringing. He barely gets halfway down the stairs before his mom answers the door, gasping a quiet *oh my goodness* at the sight of Jeongguk standing on their porch in a loose long-sleeve tee, collarbone tattoo peeking out under the wide collar and the small shapes adorning his knuckles on display as he grips the straps of his backpack.

Taehyung sprints down the remaining stairs and puts a hand on his mom's shoulder before anyone can speak up. "Mom, this is Jeongguk, we're gonna work on our math homework together."

Jeongguk smiles and bows at his mom before saying, "Good evening, Mrs. Kim. I'm Jeon Jeongguk, I hope I'm not intruding."

Taehyung's mom ushers Jeongguk inside, shutting the door behind him. "Such wonderful manners. Please, make yourself comfortable and take off your shoes." She leaves them then, and Taehyung waits for him to toe off his Timberlands and ushers him upstairs to his room. They set out on the floor, one math book shared between them and several papers and notebooks laying cattywampus on the carpet.

As it always seems to happen, the two lose track of time when they're together. Taehyung notices, regardless of the rather excruciating math homework in front of them, he wishes this moment would last forever, notices that they could be working through the world's toughest equations and he would still enjoy himself.

Time passes so quickly, in fact, that when Taehyung's mom peeks her head into his room, asking if Jeongguk is staying for dinner, they both press the home buttons on their phones to check the time. Their home screens flash 6:18. Jeongguk startles, "Oh man, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to stay so long, it's so late."

Taehyung's mom steps fully into the room. "No, dear, please stay for dinner. You're more than welcome, and I'm sure you'd love a free, home-cooked meal."

"Well," Jeongguk looks to Taehyung and the elder nods encouragingly, "you've got me there."

The rest of Taehyung's family looks shocked upon Jeongguk's entrance into the dining room, and Taehyung grimaces at their reactions. It's a little awkward, but thankfully Taehyung's parents don't force them to stay at the table until everyone's finished like usual. Once they are finished, they head back to Taehyung's room to collect Jeongguk's things.

"Oh, Jeongguk! I forgot to show you earlier, but I found this really great website. It's got loads of information and practice problems, it's where I got the problems we did earlier." Taehyung angles his laptop in Jeongguk's direction as he opens a new tab and types the URL at the top. Jeongguk grabs Taehyung's wrist to stop him mid-type, looking to the elder excitedly.

"Is that Yuri on Ice?"

Taehyung looks to the top of the screen where he still has the tab open from the last episode he watched, always open and ready each week when a new episode comes out. He can feel heat rising to his cheeks at being caught watching anime. "I— um."

"The new episode comes out tonight, right? I still have to watch the last one, but it's so good, so far." Taehyung's heart almost stops, and he really shouldn't be surprised by how well they get along at this point.

"Do you wanna watch it?" Taehyung blurts before he even has a chance to think of the consequences, mind only occupied with the thought of him and Jeongguk leaned over the same laptop, of spending more time together. "I mean— there's just enough time to watch the last episode before the other comes out and, and we finished our math, but you probably—"

Jeongguk cuts him off for the second time this evening, "I'd love to

watch it with you.” The look in Jeongguk’s eyes is indecipherable to Taehyung, a smirk tugging at Jeongguk’s lips. It makes his heart flutter. Taehyung gives a curt nod, turning away under the guise of pushing his school supplies out of the way in order to hide his blush. The younger settles on the bed, back against the wall, and Taehyung’s heart skips in both panic and excitement because *there’s a boy in my bed*. Taehyung sits beside him as nonchalantly as he can manage.

He clicks back to last week’s episode and hits play, shuffling the laptop so they can both see the screen. As the episode plays on, they naturally drift closer together, their shoulders brushing with each inhale Taehyung takes. At one point Taehyung’s head droops *too close* to be friendly to Jeongguk’s broad shoulder and Taehyung tenses. Suddenly, the position they’re in, sitting so close on Taehyung’s bed, lights low and his head dangerously close to Jeongguk’s shoulder, becomes clear in Taehyung’s mind.

This is wrong.

He jerks his head upright, which earns a questioning look from Jeongguk.

This shouldn’t be happening.

Jeongguk is still looking at Taehyung when he turns to meet his gaze, eyes wide and mouth dropped open. “You have to go.”

The confusion intensifies as Jeongguk watches Taehyung stand and hurriedly collect the younger’s things from the floor. Jeongguk stands slowly from the bed. “What’s the matter?”

Taehyung shoves the bag and jacket into Jeongguk’s waiting arms before pushing him towards his door. “I’m sorry, I just— um,

remembered I have to do something. Sorry.”

The last glimpse he gets of Jeongguk is of the younger’s shocked expression as he slams the bedroom door in his face. Taehyung leans against the door, both in case Jeongguk attempts to shove back in, and because he feels like the floor has turned to liquid beneath his feet.

What are they gonna think when they find out I had a boy in my bed?

Taehyung, admittedly, knows he’s overreacting, but he isn’t sure how else to act after such an embarrassing situation. After Jeongguk left that night, Taehyung crouched on his floor in panic, apologizing in prayer, the only way he knows how. He didn’t move until his mom came up wondering why he hadn’t seen Jeongguk to the door. Taehyung had made up some ridiculous excuse, holding off his panic long enough to convince his mom to go away.

In math class the past few days Taehyung has blatantly sat on the other side of Jimin, despite the confused stares from both Jeongguk and Jimin. He would purposefully arrive just in the brink of time and leave as quickly as possible; Taehyung felt like an ass, but he was also terrified of Jeongguk’s reaction.

The day of their final, Jeongguk corners Taehyung on his way out of the testing room, having finished before him. “What’s wrong? Why won’t you talk to me?”

Taehyung stares at him like a deer caught in headlights. After a few tense seconds, he slumps and takes a deep breath before replying, “I’m so sorry. I had no reason to act that way. You didn’t do anything

wrong.”

“Are you sure?” Jeongguk looks directly into his eyes, questioning. “If I did something wrong, please tell me. I couldn’t live with myself if I made you feel uncomfortable.”

“No, really. It was just me being... ridiculous.” Tentatively, Taehyung puts his hand on Jeongguk’s bicep, hidden under the black sleeve of his Puma track jacket. “Can we pretend it never happened?”

Jeongguk makes to protest, but ultimately flashes Taehyung a small smile. “Of course.”

Things go relatively back to normal, then. Jeongguk texts him a few hours later, nervous about their final results. Taehyung assures him he passed, that they had worked hard and both deserved good marks. They don’t meet up, as there is no studying to use as an excuse. Taehyung isn’t sure whether to be disappointed or relieved.

Two days later their final exam scores are posted online. Taehyung doesn’t even notice until he receives an overjoyed text message from Jeongguk with a flurry of exclamation points and shocked emojis.

Jeongguk 8)

hyung!!!

I GOT A 91!!!!

i cant believe

its all thanks to you

the scores are out??

oh my goodness I'm so happy for you

you worked the hardest, i only explained a few things to you

Taehyung does a little wiggle on his way to his laptop, genuinely proud that Jeongguk got an A. He may have explained a few concepts to Jeongguk, but it was Jeongguk's determination and willingness to improve that really helped him get the mark.

Jeongguk 8)

no really i couldn't have done it without you

There's enough time for Taehyung to start typing a response before another message pings through.

Jeongguk 8)

can i take you out for coffee? as thanks for all the help

i want to show my gratitude

oh you don't have to

knowing you got the grade you wanted is compensation enough for me

Jeongguk 8)

but i want to

let me

The smile forces its way onto Taehyung's face before he can even think of suppressing it. He really couldn't possibly turn down such a generous offer.

well if you insist :)

Jeongguk responds with an adamant *i do* and proceeds to make plans to pick Taehyung up for brunch the next morning. With summer break officially starting now that they've taken their last finals, Taehyung is more than excited to have an excuse to see Jeongguk again. When Jeongguk wishes him a good night after almost an hour of chatting back and forth, Taehyung shoves his face in his pillow and kicks his legs on his bed.

Taehyung's mom calls him downstairs a little after ten the next morning, just as he finishes shrugging on the pink t-shirt Jimin made fun of the last time he wore it, with the artistically placed holes over his collarbones. The bangs resting on his forehead are still damp from his shower after waking up and he shakes his head like a dog to rid it of the excess moisture.

When he reaches the bottom of the stairs, he is surprised to see Jeongguk standing by the door chatting with his mom. As soon as she notices Taehyung, she ushers him into his shoes and practically pushes him out the door, denying Taehyung any chance to frantically run

back to his room to fix his hair. Luckily his phone and wallet were already in his pocket.

The commute to the coffee shop near campus is relatively silent, aside from the usual K-pop playlist playing on the radio. Taehyung sings along, but when they get out of the car, it becomes silent. They order their coffees at the counter and find a table by the window while they wait for the barista to finish their drinks. Jeongguk retrieves both their drinks when his name is called (Jeongguk insisted on paying) and sets Taehyung's hot chocolate with whipped cream in front of him before sitting across from him.

Taehyung speaks up when Jeongguk takes a tentative sip of his own Americano. "So... you have a lot of tattoos." He immediately face palms, giggling in embarrassment for making such an obvious statement. The smile that appears on Jeongguk's face catches him off guard.

"I do have a lot of tattoos." Jeongguk stretches his hands out on the table, shuffling his sleeves out of the way to give Taehyung a good view of the ink on his hands and wrists. There's a far-away look in his eyes. "They're all important to me."

Taehyung points his index finger at the shapes adorning Jeongguk's knuckles. "What do they mean, then? If— if you don't mind me asking."

Jeongguk looks at the table abashedly and Taehyung's heart flutters against his will. "It's kind of embarrassing to say out loud," but before Taehyung has a chance to apologize, Jeongguk's pointing at the colon and close parenthesis inked into his left index finger. "This one's to remind me to be happy. I see this one a lot, so it reminds me to smile more, too."

He pauses and looks up at Taehyung with a blank face, then his lips curl into a small smile. Taehyung giggles. “This one,” Jeongguk points at the cute outline of Saturn on his middle finger, “doesn’t have much meaning, I just thought it was cool.”

Taehyung guffaws, slapping the table with his palm. “You got Saturn tattooed on your knuckle because you thought it was cool?” Jeongguk curls his hands into fists as he laughs along with Taehyung. “Well, when you put it like that, it does sound pretty bad.”

Hoping he’s reading the situation correctly, Taehyung continues to tease Jeongguk, gesturing at the boy’s ring finger. “And what, did you get this heart because you thought it was cute?”

Jeongguk’s face turns serious, and Taehyung is afraid he went too far. “No, this one means something. I’m more of a one true love kinda guy; it’s sort of like a placeholder of sorts until I get married. It’s really embarrassing to say out loud.” He then traces the line inked in red wrapped around his pinky finger. “And this is the ‘string of fate’ from the Chinese legend of soulmates being connected by a red string.” Jeongguk rubs the tattoos a little wistfully, and Taehyung feels his heart skip a beat. “These two are to remind me that there’s someone out there for me, to just be patient.”

Taehyung doesn’t realize he’s staring until Jeongguk looks up from his hands expectantly. Taehyung smiles. “I like those ones. They’re cute.”

Jeongguk slides his sleeves back in their proper places. “Enough about my tattoos. What exciting plans do you have over break?”

Taehyung pouts at the change of subject. “Nothing exciting, just the usual. Go to church, do some church things, watch dramas until my mom yells at me to go to bed. Same deal since middle school.”

There's a pause in which Jeongguk chuckles, before the information processes and he says, "Wait, what drama are you watching?"

Taehyung perks up at this. "Do you watch, too? I'm in the middle of Love In Trouble right now!"

"Oh, my mom loves that show! I've been watching it with her recently. Which episode are you on?" Jeongguk's eyes are sparkling and Taehyung doesn't think he's ever loved someone as much as he does Jeongguk right now.

"I'm a few episodes behind, but I'm gonna watch the rest of them tonight so I'm ready when the new episode comes out the day after tomorrow."

They get so involved in sharing their emotions during the show and plot predictions for the upcoming episodes that Taehyung completely loses track of time. The next time there's a lull in conversation it's almost two thirty and he has a text from his mom wondering what his dinner plans for the evening are. "Do you have to go?"

Taehyung's head snaps up to look at Jeongguk. "Oh, no! It's just my mom wondering if she should make enough dinner for me tonight."

"We better get you home, then, yeah? Don't want you to be out past your curfew."

Taehyung swats Jeongguk's bicep and totally doesn't linger when he feels solid muscle there. "I don't have a curfew, oh my lord."

Jeongguk smiles and stands to take their empty cups to the garbage, anyway, waiting at the door for Taehyung to collect his things. He drives Taehyung home in his Range Rover, something that almost feels natural at this point to Taehyung as he sings along to the throwback playlist the younger plays on the stereo.

It's the day the next episode of Taehyung's drama airs when Jeongguk texts him next.

Jeongguk 8)

so the new episode is on tonight

that it is

Jeongguk 8)

do you have any plans to watch it later?

would you wanna watch it here? we could order takeout too

i do like food

im down

It's just watching drama and eating food, Taehyung tells himself.

Jeongguk 8)

i'll pick you up at 6:30? so you don't have to take the bus

oh you don't have to, the bus is fine

Jeongguk insists on picking him up, and who is Taehyung to deny him. They discuss takeout options, but name too many restaurants and can't narrow down the selection. Instead they decide to buy from both the pizza place and the Chinese restaurant down the street, so they each pay a bill and cover all the bases from wings to dumplings.

Taehyung's so excited for the feast later he barely thinks about how *alarmingly similar* their plans sound to those 'Netflix and Chill' things he's seen on the internet until Jimin points it out to him.

Jimmie

tae you've heard the rumors about him

and they're just /rumors/ jimin we're just friends

we're just gonna watch a show we both like

Jimmie

i warned you about him tae

i hope you're right

text me if you need anything

He doesn't want to talk about this with Jimin anymore because it's making him less excited and more apprehensive. Taehyung focuses on telling his mom of his plans for this evening and changing into his favorite striped shirt.

A few hours later Jeongguk arrives at his house and they head out to pick up the food together. The bill is a little more expensive than Taehyung would usually allow, but it's a special occasion and his mom will be cooking for him most of the summer, anyway. Taehyung is pleasantly surprised a few minutes later to see Jeongguk's apartment is small but well kept. There's a few notebooks laying on the coffee table in the living room that Jeongguk quickly relocates so Taehyung can place the food down, but otherwise the room is clean and comfortable.

They don't waste much time getting into the drama. By the time Jeongguk connects his laptop to the television and settles into the couch, it's time for the live stream to begin. Jeongguk opens all the containers of food sitting out on the table, hands Taehyung a fork and a napkin, and hits play on the video.

Now, Taehyung has always had a one track mind; be it video games, math homework, or dramas, Taehyung's mind focuses in on the task at hand and he doesn't usually lose focus until it's completed (or he gets bored). He easily gets caught up in the plot of the drama, mindlessly moving his fork between the fried pork dumplings and his mouth. This easy escape into another reality is the reason he loves film in the first place, with the heart-wrenching plots and characters.

Taehyung especially lives for moments like these, moments that throw him into an uncontrollable fit of laughter that he can't quite seem to stop. At least until he looks over to Jeongguk and notices how little space there is between them on this couch, and the intense stare Jeongguk has leveled on him. Taehyung stares back a little unsure of what's happening, the drama playing on the t.v. completely forgotten.

Jeongguk shifts slightly and the material of his basketball shorts just grazes Taehyung's thigh. When Taehyung looks up from how close their thighs are, Jeongguk's face is a mere hair's breadth away. Taehyung scans his face, from his strong eyebrows, to the small scar he's never noticed on Jeongguk's cheek before, to the soft pink tint of

the boy's bottom lip.

They both lick their lips almost at the same time, and before Taehyung can think about what's happening, Jeongguk's lips are pressing gently into his. It doesn't last more than a second before Jeongguk's pulling back to look directly into Taehyung's eyes. Taehyung blinks once and leans in to connect their lips again. Their lips are connected just long enough for Taehyung to remember the way Jeongguk's lips fit right into the curves of his own, and he doesn't understand how something so perfect could be so wrong.

When Taehyung pulls away, Jeongguk slings his arm across his shoulders and they stay like that for the rest of the show.

Going into church the next day is a Big Mistake.

Taehyung goes about his daily prayer as per usual, praying for his family's health and for success at the fundraiser the church has planned in a few weeks. He tries not to think too hard about last night, but with the statue of Jesus staring straight down at him and the large cross standing proudly at the center of the alter, it's hard not to think about it. *This is a sin, isn't it? I kissed a boy.*

He tries to press on with his prayers, ignoring all together the growing guilt in the pit of his stomach, but eventually the atmosphere becomes too much. With as much grace as he can manage, Taehyung stands from the pew and drives himself back home. The radio blasts Girls' Generation in attempts to calm his emotions, but even the cheery melodies can't seem to bring Taehyung out of his stupor.

His face is even grumpier than he thinks because when Taehyung

walks into the kitchen at home to grab a bottle of water, his mom stops him to ask, "Is something the matter?"

Taehyung takes a deep breath and tries to think of a viable excuse for his behavior. Before he can think of anything, his mom says in a soft voice, "I know exactly what you need," pushes Taehyung down onto a stool at the island, and commences to baking cookies.

Halfway through her mixing the ingredients Taehyung's little siblings arrive home from school, snooping around his mom to try and snag a taste. She shoos them away with the practiced hand of a mother of three, telling them they only get cookies once Taehyung has had his fill and they've finished their schoolwork.

His mom hasn't said anything since she started baking, and Taehyung watches her place the cookie sheet in the oven while he mulls over his feelings. It's not until the cookies have cooled and his mom places them on a plate directly in front of Taehyung that he's gained the courage to speak up.

"Why do you think God doesn't want his children to be gay?"

She makes a thoughtful noise as she pours Taehyung a tall glass of milk, returning the jug to its place in the refrigerator before speaking up. "I'll tell you a little secret. It's something I've always thought about myself." She looks conspiratorially over her shoulder before leaning in and continuing. "I think some people have taken this a little too far. Quite frankly, if He really loves all of us and accepts our sins, then I don't see why it's a problem to love whoever you feel pure love for."

Taehyung nods in agreement, but isn't sure if he's ready to out himself just yet. "We were taught to love everybody unconditionally, and we're not doing a very good job of it sometimes."

His mom smiles, says, “Now eat your cookies while they’re still warm and gooey.” Taehyung is not one to deny freshly baked cookies.

Jeongguk texts Taehyung that night, and Taehyung doesn’t know what to do. He tosses his phone under his pillow and takes refuge in the living room, binge watching whatever show is airing in hopes to distract himself. When he finally goes to bed around three in the morning, Jeongguk has sent him a few more messages that Taehyung resolutely ignores, falling asleep.

The next morning Taehyung feels significantly better. He relents and checks the messages Jeongguk sent him the night before.

Jeongguk 8)

have you watched weightlifting fairy kim bok joo?

if you haven't, i think you'll really like it

The next message was sent almost four hours after the first two.

Jeongguk 8)

are you ignoring me bc of the kiss?

we can pretend it didn't happen, i'm sorry i messed up

*i'm sorry for ignoring you
i was, but not for what you think
i wanted it too*

Jeongguk 8)

whats up then?

if you want to tell me

Taehyung's heart clenches; even when Taehyung's the one at fault,
Jeongguk is still so caring.

*i was just
nervous
about what my family and friends would think if they knew
idk it was rude of me to ignore you tho*

Jeongguk 8)

is it bc i'm a boy?

bc theres nothing wrong with that

yeah

Taehyung doesn't think he can talk about this right now, so he changes the subject to the surprising plot twist in the most recent episode of their drama. If Jeongguk notices the awkward transition, he says nothing, and Taehyung thanks the heavens.

The next few days their text conversations are relatively normal. Taehyung tells Jeongguk about his day spent volunteering at the church festival selling homemade lemonade and handing out tickets for the carnival rides. Jeongguk, in turn, has sent Taehyung the few sketches of his next tattoo, the drawings improving and becoming more intricate and clean with each rendition.

The younger's next tattoo is a colorful tiger, crouched like it's on the prowl, that Jeongguk says will be just large enough to cover the expanse of his left bicep. When Taehyung asks what the meaning behind a crouching tiger is, Jeongguk replies it came to him in a dream. Taehyung actually laughs out loud like his reply states.

Conversation only becomes awkward when Taehyung makes an excuse not to meet up with Jeongguk, even though it's clear he isn't busy. Taehyung is still ruminating in his conversation with his mother and doesn't think he's ready to see Jeongguk, though the clenching in his chest every time he turns Jeongguk down is getting unbearable.

Three days later, Taehyung decides he officially misses spending time with Jeongguk.

are you free for coffee tomorrow?

Jeongguk 8)

??

really?

i'd love to

wanna meet at the usual around 10?

i'll drive myself this time B)

Jeongguk 8)

i don't mind driving you

so...

are we okay?

Taehyung cringes externally. He had hoped that, despite how obvious he was being, maybe Jeongguk hadn't made note of his strange behavior.

yeah we're peaches

i'll tell you about it when we see each other

Jeongguk 8)

oh man

good vibes

mostly

ill see you tomorrow?

Jeongguk 8)

you'll see me tomorrow

Taehyung does actually drive himself to the coffee shop the next morning, his dad having taken the day off and so the family car is free. It's no Range Rover, but Taehyung enjoys being behind the wheel for the first time in several months.

Jeongguk is already waiting outside the coffee shop when Taehyung parks across the street and he holds the door open for Taehyung when he walks over. Taehyung bows his head, smiling sheepishly at the gesture. "Hey, Jeongguk."

They walk to the counter together, and Taehyung grapples at the younger's forearm when he attempts to pay for the both of their coffees. "Jeongguk, you paid last time, let me pay!"

"Absolutely not," Jeongguk says petulantly. Taehyung looks at the younger indignantly when Jeongguk all but shoves him out of the way with his hip, but he can't hold back the grin when Jeongguk smiles in his direction. "Go find us a seat, I'll wait for our drinks."

The amount of consideration Jeongguk is showing him is making Taehyung quite honestly flustered, and he takes the few minutes of alone time while Jeongguk awaits their drinks to collect his thoughts. He takes a few deep breaths, hoping he's reading the signals right, and that he doesn't chicken out before he can say anything. The thought of how his mother, his *father*, will react, and more distantly his church community, puts him on edge, but he wants to take this moment to be a little selfish. Taehyung prays it's not the worst thing he could do.

Jeongguk places a green tea latte in front of Taehyung, startling the elder out of his thoughts. "Something on your mind?"

Taehyung takes a deep breath. *This is it, I guess.*

“So I have something serious to tell you.” Jeongguk looks at him with clear eyes, giving a small nod of encouragement. “I— I think I like boys.”

Jeongguk keeps his straight face, waiting to see if he has anything else to say. When Taehyung doesn’t speak up, he asks plainly, “Yeah?”

Taehyung agrees, “Yeah.” He’s a little confused by Jeongguk’s reaction.

The younger just nods and takes a sip of his coffee. “Cool. Me too.”

Wide-eyed, Taehyung stares at Jeongguk in shock for a brief second. “That’s it? ‘Cool’?” Jeongguk nods again. “I mean, we kissed, so... Unless I read that wrong?”

The younger looks to Taehyung in question. Taehyung sighs, “No, you didn’t. That’s the other thing.”

Jeongguk chuckles, says, “What other thing?” and Taehyung’s honestly a little put off by how calmly the other boy is taking this.

“You— you’re the boy I like— Why are you laughing?” Taehyung gapes at Jeongguk as the younger holds his stomach, he’s laughing so hard.

“I’m sorry, I’m not making fun of you, but you’re so cute.” Jeongguk continues to laugh, Taehyung blushing a bright pink in embarrassment and looking down at the table. “Wait, I’m really sorry. I like you, too, really.”

Taehyung’s head jerks up. “You do?” Jeongguk assures him that he does. “So... you don’t care that I’m a boy?”

“Taehyung, I wouldn’t care even if you were a martian who came down from outer space to document the human race. I just want to see you smile.” Jeongguk wiggles his index finger on the table, the one with the smiley face on it, and flashes a small smile to Taehyung. “Are you okay with it, though?”

He smiles. “I’m becoming okay with it. My mom, she— I think she’ll be okay.” Taehyung hopes his parents will be okay with it.

“We don’t have to go fast, but,” Jeongguk looks into Taehyung’s eyes, “Taehyung, will you be my boyfriend?”

Taehyung grins at Jeongguk, eyes crinkling into little crescents, feeling the happiest he has in awhile. “I’ll be your boyfriend, Jeonggukkie.”

After their conversation at the coffee shop that day, Jeongguk starts properly taking Taehyung out on dates. On the days Taehyung doesn’t have activities with his church, they play video games at Jeongguk’s apartment, holed up in his cozy living room and occasionally ordering a pizza to share. A few times, Jeongguk takes Taehyung for dinner to restaurants he’s never been before, even though he’s lived near the University practically his whole life.

Jeongguk and Taehyung spend so much time together that Jimin eventually asks where Taehyung's been.

Jiminie

what's up tae

haven't seen you since finals

omg jiminie

i miss you

im sorry

Jiminie

you've been hanging out with that delinquent haven't you

jeonggukkie is not a delinquent

and yeah :/

lets get together

ill buy samgyupsal to make up for it

Jiminie

hm

ill accept your offer

this time

“So, tell me. Is there something going on between you two?”

Taehyung had stopped by Jimin’s apartment the next evening, pork and lettuce in tow like he promised. Jimin immediately sat Taehyung down at the table while he fired up the stove and Taehyung is far more nervous than he should be with his best friend.

“I—,” Jimin gives Taehyung the side-eye, sensing the younger’s hesitance. “Yeah, we decided to go out.”

Taehyung plays with the hem of his t-shirt, too scared to make eye contact. “He asked me a few weeks ago and— I know I shouldn’t but I really think I like him and—“

Jimin walks away from the stove to ruffle Taehyung’s hair. “Why do you sound so scared about it? There’s nothing wrong with what you’re feeling.”

And, recently, Taehyung has been beginning to believe it. “Y-you’re right.” He launches into a retelling of their budding relationship, from the night of their first kiss to their first official date, about the cute diner Jeongguk took him to for juicy burgers and sweet milkshakes.

“Wait a minute, hold on. You netflixed and chilled with Jeongguk and you didn’t even tell me about it?”

Taehyung’s cheeks burn bright red. “We— we didn’t chill! There was no chilling involved, just Netflix.”

Jimin looks at Taehyung skeptically for a few moments, eyes narrowed and toes tapping on the floor. “Hm, I believe you,” the elder

starts, “but before you *do* chill I need to meet him properly. I’ve got a few things to say to him.”

“Minie, don’t scare him!” Taehyung wraps long fingers around Jimin’s thin wrist. “He’s really not a bad guy, you should meet him just so you can see how sweet he really is.”

The look in Jimin’s eyes is protective and Taehyung wants to hug him. “I won’t hurt him, for now. But if he hurts you—” Taehyung really does hug him now, just to shut him up.

“I’ll set up a get together for us. Don’t kill anybody.”

After Taehyung leaves Jimin’s apartment the next morning (of course they had a sleep over), he texts Jeongguk to ask if he would like to meet Jimin. Jeongguk, to Taehyung’s mild surprise, seems more than enthusiastic about the idea. They agree for Taehyung to pick Jimin up and meet at the youngest’s apartment to play video games and binge on junk food.

Jeonggukkie

so you feel comfortable with him knowing?

he’s my best friend

i wanted him to know

but i was kinda scared at first

Jeonggukkie

but he's okay with us, yeah?

yeah

Jeonggukkie

see

there was nothing to be scared of :)

im really happy

Jeonggukkie

me too

i'm nervous now tho

gotta get the bffs approval

he may seem scary but he's a big ball of fluff

kinda like you

all bark no bite

Jeonggukkie

yah

idk if i should be offended

Taehyung giggles at his phone screen, so happy to have this playful banter with Jeongguk. He keeps smiling as his fingers move across the keyboard before he can even think about it.

it's cute

you're cute gukkie

Jeonggukkie

vjkjsv

i'm not the cute one you're the cute one

Taehyung's smiling like an idiot now, lounged on his bed and completely enamored by the boy on the other side of the conversation. He's only snapped out of his trance by his mom's yelling from downstairs telling him lunch is served.

but are you free this week to meet up? i'll text jimin and get back to you

Jeonggukkie

sure just tell me when :D

With that, Taehyung says he has to go eat lunch, ecstatic at the prospect of hanging out with his two favorite people at once. When he gets downstairs Taehyung's mom wonders why he's smiling so much and Taehyung tries to bite back his grin to convince his mom it's nothing.

Jimin and Jeongguk are both free that next Thursday, so with a confirmation from both ends, they agree to meet up then. Taehyung drives to Jimin's apartment in the evening, stopping at the convenience store along the way to pick up snacks and drinks to share. Taehyung eyes the black baseball cap that matches his all black hoodie and myriad of rings adorning Jimin's fingers when he hops into the younger's car. "You're really going for the intimidating look today, aren't you?"

"He's a pretty scary guy himself," Jimin mumbles, giving Taehyung a side glance.

Taehyung cackles as he turns the car back onto the road. "Is Jiminie scared of my boyfriend?"

Jimin scoffs, looking at the younger with wide eyes. "Of course not! Just gotta make sure he knows where we stand in this relationship."

Glancing down at his phone to make sure he's taking the correct turn, Taehyung continues to laugh, probably too much to be considered safe while driving. "What relationship?"

"Ours. We're soulmates, and he's gonna know that. Just because he's your boyfriend doesn't mean he comes before me." Jimin crosses his arms, sulking and looking like a child. His pouty facade doesn't last long in the face of Taehyung's relentless giggles, huffing out a laugh when Taehyung responds, "Oo, someone's jealous."

Jimin stops pouting when Taehyung pulls the car into a free spot outside of Jeongguk's apartment complex, the younger coming around the car to latch onto one of his arms. Taehyung escorts him up to the third floor, back corner where he stops in front of Jeongguk's door to

look at Jimin. “Be nice.” And then he knocks on the door.

Jeongguk opens the door with a grin on his lips, eyeing Taehyung a little nervously, but all in all looking happy to see them.

“Jeonggukkie! Meet Jimin. Jimin, this is Jeongguk.”

“We’re in the same dance club,” Jeongguk mentions, offering his hand for Jimin to take. They clap each other on the back, and Taehyung notices the tiny wince Jeongguk makes at Jimin’s strength. He pinches Jimin’s side when they pull away— *be nice*.

“Yeah, we’ve seen each other around.” Jimin smiles wide, acting the perfect angel he thinks he is. Jeongguk steps aside, gesturing for them to come in and Taehyung hands him the bag of goodies he picked up on the way.

Jeongguk chides Taehyung, “You shouldn’t have,” but kisses his cheek and sets the snacks on the coffee table before turning on his game console. He hands each of the boys a controller and loads up a match of Overwatch for them all to play.

Conversation flows relatively easy between the three of them, a certain camaraderie built through fighting for the same team and Taehyung thanks God. Countless rounds of gaming and several bags of snacks later, Taehyung excuses himself to the bathroom.

No sooner does Taehyung shut the door, Jimin leans over to speak quietly to Jeongguk. “So, you like Tae, huh?”

Jeongguk throws him a confused glance. “Yeah, I do.”

Jimin looks at him hard, almost like he's calculating if Jeongguk is telling the truth. "Taehyung insists the rumors aren't true, but I know what they say about you. For your sake, you better not be playing around with him. Taehyung is my best friend, and I don't take kindly to people who make him cry."

The confusion melts from the younger's face, and he turns to look at Jimin fully and seriously. "I'm not messing around. If I made Taehyung cry, I wouldn't be able to live with myself."

Jimin nods curtly, seemingly believing Jeongguk's words. The door to the bathroom opens. "Good. Now what are you waiting for, load the next round already."

Taehyung sits back in his spot sandwiched between Jimin and Jeongguk, glancing at them both. Jeongguk smiles and hands Taehyung his controller, the rest of the night continuing smoothly, as if Jimin hadn't tried to intimidate Jeongguk.

They don't stop playing video games until it is passed dark outside, only noticing how long they've been playing when Taehyung yawns and rests his head on the youngest's shoulder. Their eyes are burning from staring at the t.v. for so long, and Taehyung still has to drive Jimin back home, so they call it quits. Jimin takes a bathroom break while Taehyung helps Jeongguk to clean up their mess of food wrappers.

Once the couple is alone in the kitchen, Taehyung asks Jeongguk, "Did Jimin say anything mean to you? I told him not to, but he can be passive aggressive sometimes."

Jeongguk chuckles to himself, hoping Taehyung doesn't see right through him. "Why would he say something mean to me? He's just looking out for you, anyway."

Taehyung looks at him for a moment and Jeongguk is sure he's been caught. "Right." The elder narrows his eyes, but otherwise says nothing as he finishes throwing the trash away.

Jeongguk takes a step closer to Taehyung once he closes the trash can to brush a strand of hair out of his eyes. "Did you have fun today?"

Taehyung's mouth lifts up at the corners into a soft smile as he leans into the touch. "So much. I'm glad you and Jimin could meet officially. Maybe now he'll stop calling you a punk every time he sees you."

The younger moves closer to rest his forehead on Taehyung's. "But I'm your punk, right?" Jeongguk's heart skips a beat at Taehyung's small laugh, enamored by the boy in front of him. Taehyung closes the gap between them for a chaste kiss, mumbling, "You can be my punk," against Jeongguk's lips.

Jeongguk smiles, leaning in to connect their lips once again, moulding them together and reveling in the plushness of the elder's lips, the way they seem to fit Jeongguk's own like the missing piece of a puzzle. Taehyung's hand comes up to rest gently against the broad expanse of Jeongguk's chest, taking a slow breath through his nose, so relaxed.

"Yah, I leave you two alone for two minutes and you've already forgotten I'm here." Jimin stands at the doorway to the kitchen, arms crossed, cackling at the way Taehyung startles and practically jumps out of his skin. Once Taehyung gets over the jump scare, he collapses into Jeongguk, resting his head on the younger's shoulder. "Gosh, Min, no need to be so salty. You'll find someone, eventually."

Jimin lunges towards Taehyung, raising his fist to fight. Taehyung pulls Jeongguk to stand between him and Jimin, crouching to peer over the youngest's shoulder. "Maybe someday we can go on double dates and you won't have to third wheel."

"I'm leaving. Take me home, peasant." Jimin turns towards the door with a flair, flipping his hair on his way out.

Taehyung reaches up to pat Jeongguk's head, leaving a kiss on the younger's cheek as he walks towards the door. "I had fun tonight. Text me, yeah?"

Jeongguk smiles and says, "Of course I will. See you, Tae."

Taehyung, admittedly, has become a little careless in the past few months, spending much of his free time at Jeongguk's house, or getting coffee with Jeongguk, or seeing a movie, watching his dance practice, they even played mini golf once. His mom knows he's with Jeongguk most of the time, since he tells her who he's with when she asks. He's not *really* trying to rebel against his parents, per say, so he doesn't like to lie to them. With how relatively open he is with his mom, he isn't too surprised when the conversation finally springs up.

"So, how's Jeongguk doing?" Taehyung looks up from the clementine he was peeling at the kitchen counter when his mom walks into the room.

"Oh. He's good. His new tattoo on his arm is still healing, but it looks really cool."

“I’ll pray it heals well, then,” his mom states thoughtfully, casually pouring herself a glass of iced tea across the counter from where Taehyung sits on his stool. “You know that I, and your father, support you in all your decisions, right?”

Taehyung cocks his head to one side, a little confused. “I do. Thanks.”

“So you can tell me the truth when I ask: Is there something between you and Jeongguk?”

Taehyung stops his work peeling his clementine, a little taken back and unsure how to answer now that he’s been put on the spot. He sighs and looks up at his mom. “Yeah,” Taehyung pauses to gauge her reaction, “We’re in a relationship.”

His mom smiles wide. “I knew it! You think you’re sneaky, but I know you, Kim Taehyung, I’m your mother.” She comes around to pat her son on the shoulder. “Your father had his suspicions, too. How long?”

“Almost two months now,” Taehyung admits, feeling a weight lift off his shoulders that he had been ignoring for the past few months.

His mom smirks, turning to leave the kitchen. “Well, tell him he has to come over for dinner before your hundred days.”

Taehyung messages Jeongguk excitedly later, telling him just that.

Jeonggukkie

see?

i told you baby

Taehyung blushes all the way to his ears, thankful that he's alone in his bedroom, so nobody notices. Jeongguk's never called him that—*nobody's* ever called him that— and he never knew he'd like it so much. They plan to arrange a dinner with his parents in about two weeks, and Taehyung is so happy.

When Jeongguk finally makes it over for dinner three weeks later (Taehyung's dad went on an unplanned business trip and it was a little difficult to match their schedules up), they're all a little surprised. Jeongguk knocks on their door, dressed in a crisp, black button up rolled up to his elbows and tucked into pressed black dockers held up by a leather belt, and a muted orange beanie pushing his hair back. Both Taehyung and his mother gasp.

"Jeonggukkie, you didn't have to look so nice, we're all wearing house clothes here!" Taehyung frets a little, admittedly flustered by just how good Jeongguk looks, polished and professional, yet his tattoos on display give him a dangerous vibe. Despite the open display of his tattoos, Jeongguk seems to have taken it easy with his ear piercings, replacing his usual hoops with simple studs. Taehyung didn't know he was into this look until suddenly he's hit with it all at once.

Jeongguk wraps one arm around Taehyung's shoulders in a brief hug. "It's nothing much." The younger turns to Taehyung's mother after letting go and dips into a polite bow. "Thank you for inviting me for dinner, Mrs. Kim. It smells delicious."

Taehyung's dad calls from the dining room where he's setting the

finished bowls of food on the table, “Enough with the formalities, let’s eat!”

“So, Jeongguk, what are you majoring in?” Taehyung chuckles at his father following through with the typical “intimidate your son’s date with a barrage of questions”.

Jeongguk finishes chewing his bite of pork cutlet before answering, “I’m a double major in Finance and Music Production, with a minor in Dance.”

Taehyung’s father cuts another bite of meat. “What career field do you plan on going into?”

“Oh my god, dad, this isn’t a marriage interview, give him a break. He’s only a sophomore, he has time to figure it out.”

Jeongguk laughs, teeth on full display, and Taehyung relaxes a little seeing his boyfriend so at ease. “It’s okay, Tae. My father owns an entertainment company, and ever since I was a little kid I’ve wanted to produce music for the groups that are signed to our company. I’m also interested in getting involved with the nitty gritty parts of running the business.”

At this, Taehyung’s father nods approvingly. “A man who follows his passions, but also has interest in a more reliable career. Keep this one, Taehyung.”

Taehyung squawks. “Dad! What did I just say?” Taehyung’s mother

laughs at the two of them.

“I’ll stay as long as your son will have me,” Jeongguk replies smoothly, and it only makes Taehyung blush and splutter more.

“The both of you, seriously.” Taehyung stuffs a big bite of cutlet into his mouth, looking down at his plate to hide his blush behind his long fringe. He misses the unbearably fond smile Jeongguk casts in his direction, but Taehyung’s mom doesn’t.

The rest of the dinner runs smoothly. Taehyung’s father doesn’t stop with the questions, and Jeongguk doesn’t stop with his confident answers and smooth replies. Taehyung’s mom gives Taehyung an impressed glance when Jeongguk and Taehyung’s father get lost in a discussion about the current scandal surrounding Jeongguk’s family’s rival entertainment company. Taehyung is impressed, too, and finds himself falling even farther for the boy sitting next to him.

When all four have finished with their dinners, Taehyung’s mom shoos Jeongguk’s hands away when he attempts to help clear up the dishes, telling them to “go play video games or something” in Taehyung’s room. Not one to deny an excuse to not wash dishes, Taehyung grabs Jeongguk’s hand to drag him upstairs.

Taehyung sets up a match of Overwatch to play, Mcree for Jeongguk and D.Va for himself. When Jeongguk pops the top two buttons of his shirt between matches, the swirls of his tattoo just peaking out, Taehyung can’t help himself. “You didn’t have to get so dressed up, but you do look really good.”

Jeongguk looks up from where he was fiddling with his collar. “Yeah?” He raises one perfectly sculpted eyebrow at Taehyung and the elder’s mouth goes dry. He takes a noisy gulp.

Taehyung runs his index finger mindlessly over the intricate lotus flower inked into the younger's forearm. "Yeah," he says breathlessly. Since when were their faces so close?

"You're really killing me in this shirt, too, you know," Jeongguk whispers as he reaches to poke at the bit of skin exposed at Taehyung's collarbone. "Makes me want to kiss you."

"Then what's stopping you?"

Jeongguk chuckles and presses his lips to Taehyung's, lingering just a second longer than would be considered chaste. "That better?"

Sighing, Taehyung puts his hand on the younger's shoulder, using it to pull his body closer as he mumbles against Jeongguk's lips, "Wasn't long enough, I couldn't get a good rating. Try again."

Their lips meet in the middle, molding together like they were made to do this. Taehyung brings his other arm up to grip both around Jeongguk's shoulders and tilts his head for a better angle. Jeongguk brings his hands to rest on the elder's waist, fingers wrapping around his thin frame and gripping with just enough pressure to make Taehyung breathless.

The clock in the lobby of their game counts down from ten seconds, signaling the start of the next match, but neither of them pay it any mind. Not even the firing shots and crackly cries from fourteen year olds into their cheap Xbox microphones phases them, Jeongguk's tongue parting Taehyung's soft lips, licking the elder's teeth and meeting his tongue. Taehyung pulls desperately at Jeongguk's shoulders in attempts to get closer, closer, just a little bit more. Jeongguk is so warm and his hard muscles light a fire under

Taehyung's skin when they flex to pull Taehyung over his lap.

"Is this okay?" The younger looks up to Taehyung, licking his pink lips.

"Yeah, this is— it's great," Taehyung says between breaths, a little put off by how Jeongguk is so laid back in this situation. He feels like he can't possibly get close enough to Jeongguk, even here where he's sat on his boyfriend's lap. Taehyung wraps his legs around the younger's waist before leaning in for another drawn out kiss.

Their chests are pressed flat against each other, Taehyung's arms wrapped around Jeongguk's neck, ankles attempting to lock behind the younger's back to bring them as close as possible. Taehyung shucks Jeongguk's beanie off his head to grasp at the dark brown strands of his hair. Jeongguk wraps his arms around Taehyung's waist, working his tongue back into the elder's mouth.

Taehyung doesn't pull away until his lips feel swollen, a filthy string of saliva connecting their red lips even when their lips disconnect. Jeongguk brings a finger up to break it, chuckling. "Looks like we got kicked out of our party."

Sure enough, when Taehyung turns to look at the t.v., the screen is sitting on the main menu. "Guess we had something better to do."

Jeongguk reaches to pick up his controller again, Taehyung staying right where he is in the younger's lap. "Do you wanna play some more?"

"You can. I'm gonna stay right here." He places his hands on either of Jeongguk's sides and rests his head on his shoulder to prove his point. Jeongguk laughs but doesn't protest as he queues up another match on

the screen.

After several more solo rounds and Taehyung resting unmoving in the same position, Jeongguk powers down the Xbox and pats the elder mollifyingly on his back. "It's getting late, I should go."

Taehyung makes a whine of disapproval, but ultimately sits up straight so he can peck his boyfriend on the lips once more. "Probably." He sees Jeongguk to the door, Taehyung's mother placing a container of freshly baked chocolate chip cookies in Jeongguk's hands and his father shouting a good bye from the living room. That night, both Taehyung and Jeongguk fall asleep with smiles on their faces.

The following weeks are filled with Taehyung and Jeongguk freely dating. Though they weren't going out of their way to hide from Taehyung's parents, something about the most important people in his life knowing his sexuality and supporting him more than he could have ever wished for makes their relationship all the more enjoyable. He hasn't explicitly announced it to the church, but he really doesn't think it's their business anyway, so he just tells the people who are most important to him.

The very last weekend before classes begin for the fall semester Jeongguk takes Taehyung to a restaurant downtown for dinner. The place is cozy, red brick walls adorned with black and white photos of sultry Italian models but nothing too fancy, and they shared the most delicious gourmet pizza with white sauce and long strips of capicola on top.

Jeongguk orders them an array of small desserts to share when they're finished and Taehyung, raised in a family that rarely spared the extra

dollars for expensive desserts after an already pricey meal, is delighted by the sweet tastes on his tongue. His boyfriend spoons a bite of his traditional apple cobbler into his mouth, the chilled ice cream mixing with the warm, gooey apple filling, and Taehyung feels absolutely pampered.

Taehyung feels a little guilty when Jeongguk fronts the bill, too, knowing it must have been pricey with all the dessert they had, but he knows Jeongguk will allow him to pay for their next date. And that's just another thing Taehyung loves about Jeongguk; they both know Jeongguk's loaded with more than enough money than either of them knows what to do with, but they alternate who pays, and Jeongguk never flaunts his money intentionally. Even if Taehyung only treats the younger to a subpar Americano from the Starbucks in the Hub, Jeongguk always shows his gratitude.

Once Jeongguk has left their waiter a generous tip, they stroll a few blocks down the street until they find the live music they heard from the restaurant. They're set up in a small courtyard between an apartment building and a parking garage, a keyboard player, a saxophonist, and a singer. There's a decent crowd strewn about the area listening as they play a rendition of I'm Alive by Celine Dion, but Taehyung insists they join the several people dancing in front of the stage.

It only takes a few wide-eyed pleads from Taehyung before Jeongguk caves. Most of the people dancing are much older than the two of them, but Taehyung always makes it so easy to socialize, regardless of age. The elder starts jumping around and avidly singing along to every word and Jeongguk can't hold back the laugh that bubbles from his lips.

They stay for the rest of the group's set, the sun setting behind the buildings of the city and quant little fairy lights hanging from the trees brightening up the place. As the band packs up their instruments, Taehyung leans his body against Jeongguk's solid chest, totally not enjoying the feeling of the younger's chiseled pecs against his own.

“I don’t want this night to end and have to go back to school on Monday,” Taehyung pouts into Jeongguk’s shoulder. “Tomorrow’s gonna suck because that’s all I’ll be able to think about.”

Jeongguk wraps his arms around Taehyung’s waist. “You could stay over at mine. Tomorrow will still suck, but at least we can be sad about school together.”

Taehyung hums an affirmative and Jeongguk begins waddling them both in the direction of the car parked up the street. After a few funny steps, Taehyung pushes him away with a giggle. “What are you doing?”

The younger just laughs along, grabbing Taehyung’s hand and pulling his car keys out of his pocket with the other. Jeongguk drives them back to his apartment happily. The sun has already long since set beyond the horizon, but neither of them feel ready for bed, so they decide to shower and watch a movie.

Jeongguk lets Taehyung shower first, setting out a fresh set of his clothes for Taehyung to change into. While Taehyung showers, he sets about tidying up the living room and bringing several blankets and pillows for them while they watch the movie. Taehyung exits the bathroom several minutes later, swimming in the hoodie and old sweatpants from high school Jeongguk gave him, sleeves rolled up and towel wrapped around his head sauna style.

“You’re so damn cute,” Jeongguk remarks, looking up from the pillows he was throwing on the sofa. Taehyung covers his mouth shyly with one hand. He gets movie picking duty while the younger takes a shower of his own, and by the time Jeongguk comes out of the bathroom in sweats as well, Taehyung has settled on watching Hugo on Netflix and burrowed under all of the blankets and half the pillows Jeongguk laid on the couch.

Jeongguk chuckles at the elder peeking up at him from under the blankets, bodily lifting him and rearranging their bodies so Taehyung's back rests against his front, both leaning against the pile of pillows. Once they're both settled, Taehyung presses play on the remote and snuggles further under the blankets as the opening credits begin rolling.

Every movie Taehyung watches, he gets completely immersed in the plot, and so they spend the whole movie like that, cuddled together beneath the warm blankets. Jeongguk shuffles every so often, brushing the hair out of Taehyung's face or wiggling his fingers so they don't fall asleep, but they remain otherwise motionless until the screen goes black and the main characters' names slowly roll up the screen.

Taehyung rolls over to face his boyfriend and rest his hands against Jeongguk's chest. "That was really good."

Jeongguk pulls him in closer with the arms around Taehyung's thin waist, dropping a chaste kiss on his nose. "I liked it."

Admittedly, Jeongguk had paid on and off attention the entire movie, the benefit of Taehyung laying in front of him being that the elder doesn't notice if he dozes off. But he knows Taehyung would feel bad if he had chosen a movie they didn't both enjoy, so he embellishes the truth a tiny bit.

If Taehyung notices he's lying, he doesn't let on, leaning forward to place a lingering kiss to Jeongguk's lips, eyes fluttering closed. Jeongguk presses forward to keep their lips locked when Taehyung moves to pull back, the elder's fingers tightening around Jeongguk's hoodie. Taehyung makes a small noise of surprise but molds his lips firmly to the younger's, anyway.

Jeongguk sucks his boyfriend's bottom lip between his teeth, nibbling a bit then licking his way into the elder's mouth. Taehyung eagerly wraps his arms around Jeongguk's neck as the younger pushes Taehyung's back against the couch, effectively trapping him under his body weight.

A gratuitous noise escapes Taehyung's mouth at the assertion, mouth opening wider to allow Jeongguk to kiss him deeper. The younger pulls back to trail kisses down his boyfriend's neck, stopping to nibble gently on Taehyung's collarbone. Taehyung trails his hands down the younger's torso, grazing the trace of muscle through Jeongguk's clothes. He plays with the hem of Jeongguk's shirt, fingers teasing just beneath the fabric to touch bare skin.

Jeongguk slides one hand down Taehyung's side to slip under his sweater and caress the soft surface of his boyfriend's stomach, sneaking up to pinch a nipple lightly. When Taehyung gasps and pulls Jeongguk's mouth to meet in a heated kiss, he flicks his finger against his nipple and draws out a soft moan.

In a moment of boldness, Taehyung reaches down to cup Jeongguk's bulge through his sweatpants. The younger groans and tugs on Taehyung's bottom lip, so he presses firmer on Jeongguk's cock.

Jeongguk mirrors the motion, bringing his hand down to the front of Taehyung's pants and dragging a finger along his crotch teasingly. Taehyung bucks his hips up to gain more friction, a cute whine leaving his lips. The elder works Jeongguk's cock to full hardness before slipping his hand into the younger's pants to wrap slender fingers around the length.

"Are you sure this is okay?" His boyfriend asks from where he's been working a pink bruise into the skin of his shoulder. Taehyung grinds into the palm of Jeongguk's hand, still palming him through his

sweats.

“I want it,” Taehyung says, voice breathy. He moans when Jeongguk finally sticks his hand down his pants to place a rough palm on the tip of his dick. Taehyung’s hips jolt, sensitive, unconsciously squirming into the touch.

Taehyung starts stroking the younger at a steady pace, tightening his grip when Jeongguk swirls the palm of his hand around the head, the gathering pre-cum making the slide easier. Jeongguk thrusts into the elder’s hands, effectively pressing Taehyung further into the couch and creating more friction along the length of his cock.

“Sorry,” Jeongguk pants into Taehyung’s mouth, leaning in for another kiss before he speaks again, “the lube is in my bedroom. You deserve better than a dry hand-job.”

Taehyung shakes his head, frantically jerking his hips into the younger’s hand sliding down to the base and back up, flicking his wrist on the upstroke. “No, this is great.”

It’s a little embarrassing how sensitive Taehyung feels, but he doesn’t make it a point to touch himself like this very often. He’s always been taught in church that it is a sin to masturbate, but he doesn’t know anybody that actually strictly abides to that rule, and as a 22 year old man, he’s never stuck to it much either. But he does have a mild conscious, and rarely does it, both for the sake of going to heaven and generally because he doesn’t see much need.

Ever since he first saw Jeongguk, however, he’s been dreaming about doing these things (and much more) and it’s getting kind of embarrassing. Taehyung trusts Jeongguk to take care of him, and he really wants this. He can confess his sins later, or something.

Jeongguk strokes Taehyung in earnest, rubbing his palm against the tip and squeezing at the base, and Taehyung feebly attempts to copy his movements, hoping the younger is feeling at least half the pleasure he is. Taehyung moans at a particularly good flick of the wrist, heat pooling in the base of his stomach with each motion.

“Fuck, Tae.” Jeongguk thrusts his hips into Taehyung’s hand again, dropping open mouthed kisses along his throat. “I’m not gonna last long.”

Taehyung chuckles, flushing at the way his hips jerk into the younger’s fist. “Good, because I’m close, too.”

Their hands work in tandem, pace increasing, chasing their orgasms. Just as Taehyung’s about to come, Jeongguk presses their lips together, sucking the elder’s tongue into his mouth. It makes a sound so filthy, and Taehyung tips over the edge, hips bucking and cum spilling onto Jeongguk’s fingers.

Jeongguk keeps stroking him, the oversensitivity making his hips jump and his hand incapable of doing anything other than keeping a grip around the younger’s cock. His boyfriend cants his hips messily into his still hand a few times, resting his head in Taehyung’s shoulder when he comes, spurting all over his stomach.

Taehyung whines at Jeongguk’s hand rubbing circles over his tip, hands weakly pushing the younger away. Jeongguk laughs and pulls his hand out of Taehyung’s pants, kissing him apologetically.

“Looks like we both need to shower again,” he states, cracking up at the cum stain at the front of Taehyung’s pants, obvious against the light gray fabric. Taehyung rolls his eyes, but follows his boyfriend

into the bathroom to get cleaned up.

Once they're both rinsed off and in fresh clothes (Taehyung in sweats and a big t-shirt, Jeongguk in just sweats now that they're hot), Jeongguk pulls Taehyung to bed, tucking them in and kissing the elder's forehead before they drift off to sleep.

The morning of the first day of classes, Jeongguk picks Taehyung up an hour before their first class (they exchanged schedules only to discover they start at the same times every day). Neither boy considers himself a morning person, so the ride to campus is quiet but comfortable. Jeongguk stops at the Twosome Place on the way to school, ordering a Chai Latte for Taehyung and a Cappuccino for himself.

Jeongguk parks in the middle of campus since they're early enough to beat the afternoon rush in hopes to split the distance between both of their last classes. The younger swings around to grab both of their backpacks, handing Taehyung his bag and offering his arm for the elder to hold as they walk. Taehyung blushes, wrapping an arm around Jeongguk's and keeping close.

"Where's your documentary photography class at, Guk?" Taehyung asks, trying to distract himself from the lingering eyes of fellow students as they walk passed. He wonders if that group of girls knows he can hear them whispering about his boyfriend.

"It's in Simmons," he replies nonchalantly.

Taehyung stops in his tracks, their interlocked arms jerking Jeongguk to a stop with him. A few bystanders stop to watch what's happening

as Taehyung's arm drops from the younger's. "Jeonggukkie, we just passed Simmons."

Jeongguk grabs Taehyung's arm to lock it back in the crook of his elbow. "That's why we left early. Let me walk you to class."

Taehyung squints his eyes at his boyfriend, but otherwise begins walking again. The younger resolutely does not meet his eyes. "Fine, but you better not be late."

He just pats Taehyung's hand resting on his arm placatingly. Despite arriving with plenty of time for the younger to easily make it to his class on time, Jeongguk insists on waiting with Taehyung to "keep him company" until more classmates arrive. Taehyung shoos him away as soon as two other students sit down, threatening to smack the boy if he's late to the first day of classes, to which Jeongguk winks and makes an inappropriate remark about *not minding if it's you, tae*. With a promise to text when he's on lunch break, Jeongguk finally heads to his class, Taehyung checking the time on his phone and praying the younger will make it with enough time to spare.

Taehyung's first class runs smoothly and quickly, and he heads to his Korean film analysis class next, saving a seat for Jimin, who is taking this class to earn a long overdue general education credit. Jimin plops into the seat next to him a few minutes later looking scandalized.

"What the hell did you two do this morning?" Jimin leans into Taehyung's side, one hand covering his mouth as if he's telling a secret. "You have no idea how much gossip I've heard about you and your boyfriend in the hour I've been on campus."

Taehyung has the decency to look sheepish, though he doesn't understand why everyone's making such a big deal out of this. "Jeonggukkie just walked me to class this morning. Nothing big

happened.”

Jimin looks at him wide-eyed. “Nothing big happened? Everyone’s freaking out because the big bad wolf has *settled down* with sweet, innocent, little red riding hood.”

Taehyung scoffs, offended. “I am not sweet and innocent and Jeongguk would not eat my grandma.”

“You know what I mean,” Jimin mumbles, pulling out a notebook and pencil as the professor enters the lecture hall. “*Three* people stopped me in my last class to ask if it was true, and I didn’t know if you wanted me to tell people. I wasn’t prepared.”

The younger of the two smiles softly, patting the top of Jimin’s head affectionately. “I guess I’m not really trying to hide it. But thank you for caring, Jimin.”

The professor begins lecturing then, but Taehyung doesn’t miss the fond smile Jimin flashes in his direction. “They act as if the campus sweetheart has been stolen away by an evil villain. You’re no sweetheart.”

Taehyung refrains from smacking Jimin in the head until class is over, if only to spare the rest of the class the interruption. He throws Jeongguk a text as he and Jimin head to the hub for lunch, promising to meet in front of the building so they can all buy food together.

Standing outside proves to be a poor decision, everybody filing into the front entrance staring at him and glancing away when he meets their eyes. Jimin laughs when Taehyung voices his discomfort and laughs even harder when Jeongguk spots them, smiling wide and waving across the street, attracting the attention of everyone standing

in front of the building.

Jeongguk strolls up, looking the picture of dangerous in his baggy gray joggers and buttoned sky-blue shirt sleeves rolled to the elbow, mustard yellow beanie and classic black circle glasses topping off the effortless city-chic vibe. Taehyung wraps fingers around his boyfriend's veiny forearm to pull him inside and away from the small group of people that stopped to see what could unfold, laughing internally at the contrast between Jeongguk's outfit and his own loose white dress shirt tucked loosely into wide-legged black pants.

Jimin claims he craves Chinese food and the couple has no complaints, so they stand in the ridiculously long line for Panda Express, Taehyung and Jeongguk conspiring to each order a different entree that way they can share and have more variety. They give up finding a seat inside without trying, taking advantage of the sunny weather to sit outside on the lawn.

They finish their lunches uneventfully and rather quickly since Taehyung only has about an hour and his class is a far walk from where they are. Taehyung shoots down Jeongguk's offer to walk him to class immediately, knowing for a fact Jeongguk's next class is in the opposite direction. They part ways soon after, Jeongguk running his fingers through Taehyung's hair and dropping a kiss on his temple, Jimin fake gagging and kicking Taehyung towards his class.

Taehyung's last class is as exciting as syll week can be, the professor seeming enthusiastic and caring as she explains the construction of the course. Jeongguk texts him a few minutes before class is over to meet where they parked to drive home. The afternoon sun is boiling on his walk back and he regrets wearing long pants and long sleeves.

Jeongguk is sitting in his Range Rover with the air conditioning already running. He chuckles when Taehyung slides into the passenger seat and instantly chugs the remaining water from his bottle.

“Man. It wasn’t nearly this hot when we got here this morning,” Taehyung pants as he fans the sweat beading on his hairline.

His boyfriend tugs his beanie off and shakes it out, revealing the sweat around his sideburns and neck as well. “My head was baking the whole walk here.”

Taehyung flinches away from the sweat that flies onto him, shrieking when Jeongguk shakes his head again. “That’s so gross, you’re so sweaty, ew.”

They both laugh as Taehyung dramatically wipes at a nonexistent drop of sweat on his shoulder. Jeongguk eventually drives Taehyung home. They share a warm kiss over the console before Taehyung hops out of the car, and he tells his mom he had a great day when she asks him at dinner that night.

As gossip goes, Taehyung and Jeongguk are able to walk around sans frequent stares after a few days. The people seemed to have gotten used to Jeongguk being taken, but they (Jimin included) still can’t seem to wrap their heads around the sweet, doting boyfriend that Jeongguk has become. Alone, Jeongguk is still the unapproachable, quiet man with almost a full sleeve of tattoos and an intimidating stare. But Taehyung knows he’s just too shy to speak up, and it becomes clear when they’re together, Jeongguk becoming the cute and caring boy he is beneath all the flamboyance.

Taehyung has had more than a few classmates ask him about their relationship, something he still has a hard time handling. *You guys are cute together*, they say. Taehyung smiles and politely agrees, excusing

himself shyly.

Classes bring an almost humdrum routine to their lives again. Jeongguk and Taehyung ride to school together, meet for lunch when their schedules match, and Jeongguk drives Taehyung home most days, as well. Several times a week they will study together after classes, at Jeongguk's apartment or in Taehyung's room. It brings a comfortable consistency as opposed to the spontaneous video games and ice cream of the summer. Taehyung can't complain.

The repetitive schedule also means time flies, and before Taehyung realizes it, their hundred days anniversary is in a few days. The exact day is a Wednesday, but he wants to get Jeongguk something small to celebrate on the day, and then maybe they can order a pizza on the weekend or something.

Brainstorming what Jeongguk might appreciate as a gift, Taehyung ventures into town, taking the car since both his parents have the weekend off. Taehyung heads to the grocery store to pick up the mayonnaise and oranges his mom requested first, since he hasn't yet decided what to do for Jeongguk. It hits him while he's walking through the produce aisle.

A boxed lunch!

He knows Jeongguk doesn't need materialistic things like clothes and shoes, so that's off the list. Jeongguk lives alone in an apartment stocked mostly with beer and ramen and usually eats on campus or downtown. Plus, Taehyung's always wanted to be like the cute girlfriends in anime that draw ketchup hearts in their boyfriend's bentos. It sounds like the perfect plan. With Jeongguk's anniversary gift decided, he sets out to collect ingredients and a few interlocking tupperware containers to pack the lunch in.

The night before their anniversary, Taehyung prepares Jeongguk's lunch in the kitchen while his mom looks on amusedly from the living room. He put rice into the cooker several minutes ago, and he chops carrots, cucumber, and mixed greens while he waits. Some of the vegetables go into one container as a side salad, the rest are saved to make kimchi tuna *kimbap*.

Taehyung struggles to roll the *kimbap* prettily once the rice is cooked and he's laid the ingredients on the seaweed. It's a little sloppy, vegetables sticking out the ends at varying lengths and widths, but the roll looks tasty all the same. He arranges the entire roll to fit in half of the second container. Taehyung cheats and uses kimchi, radish, and seaweed salad pre-made by his mom, placing small portions in cupcake wrappers (an idea he found on Pinterest) to keep them separated.

He looks at the open containers, wondering what's missing. *That's right*, he thinks as he snaps his fingers. *The ketchup heart*. He doesn't think ketchup would go well with any of the dishes, though. Improvising, he picks out the carrot and cucumber slices from the salad and rearranges the cucumbers in a heart, sprinkling the carrots around to accent the shape.

Once he's prepared an identical (sans cucumber heart) lunch for himself, he uses the leftover rice to form rice balls wrapped with a square of seaweed. As a second thought, he painstakingly cuts hearts out of seaweed to stick on the rice as well.

This is so cute.

Proud of his anniversary gift, Taehyung showers and gets ready for bed. He decides to keep it a surprise— Jeongguk hasn't mentioned any

plans for their anniversary either— and give the lunch when they meet on their break tomorrow.

The morning of their hundred days starts off normal. Jeongguk's waiting outside Taehyung's house half an hour before their first class. His boyfriend leans over the console when Taehyung hops into the passenger seat to peck him on the lips and place a box of donuts in his lap. The donuts are decorated like Pokemon and Taehyung squeals when he opens the box.

"These are so cute I don't even want to eat them!"

Jeongguk starts driving towards campus with a smile on his face. "I hear they're delicious, though, so please try one."

Taehyung refuses to eat any until he gets to class and takes at least twelve different selfies, one with each different donut and a few with Jeongguk, too. Jeongguk doesn't have enough time to stay and eat, so he takes a Poke Ball decorated donut and rushes off to his morning class with a kiss on Taehyung's cheek.

He shares the donuts with his classmates (he saves a Pikachu for Jimin) and thinks *this is good*. Jeongguk brought him the absolute cutest donuts and Taehyung will be providing them lunch. They're even and they'll both eat well today.

So he's thrown for a loop— to say the least— when he walks out of the classroom only to find Jeongguk leaning against the hallway wall with two drinks in his hand. Taehyung walks up and gives him a look — a *why are you here what if you're late but I'm happy to see you* look. Jeongguk hands him the clear plastic cup, keeping the hot-to-go cup

for himself.

“I got you an iced chai latte because it’s hot,” Jeongguk says by means of explanation. The large cup in Taehyung’s hand even has a sleeve so his hand doesn’t get cold and whipped cream on top, just the way Taehyung likes it. He’s about to scold the younger for spending his money on the biggest size, but Jeongguk offers his arm for Taehyung to take and says, “Let me walk you to class.”

Taehyung bites his tongue, instead sharing a funny story from his class earlier. The two talk amiably during the short walk to Taehyung’s next class, finding Jimin just outside the building. He greets the two and waits for Taehyung to say goodbye.

“I’ll meet you for lunch, yeah?” Taehyung confirms, now even more eager to give Jeongguk his boxed lunch made with love.

Jeongguk nods and boops Taehyung’s nose before turning in the direction of his next class. Jimin and Taehyung head into their classroom, the older of the two commenting on Jeongguk’s unusually doting behavior.

“It’s our hundred days.”

Jimin hums as he sits down, noticing something on Taehyung’s drink. “What’s all that writing on your cup?”

Taehyung hadn’t even noticed, the handwritten sharpie covered mostly by the sleeve and Taehyung’s hand, he must’ve assumed it was just the name for the order. Curiously, he slides the sleeve off the cup to reveal a paragraph written in what appears to be his boyfriend’s handwriting.

hi cutie

sorry if this is too cringe-y but seeing you smile makes my day so i hope this makes you smile

you look beautiful today, love

< 3 guk

Jimin fake gags, mumbling *that is too cringe-y* while Taehyung blushes up to his ears. Taehyung looks down at his simple white long sleeve shirt and skinny trousers, wondering what about his look today is so special. He fishes his phone out of his bag to send Jeongguk a quick text (*I love your smile, too, Jeonggukkie < 3*) before he has to put it away to pay attention to lecture.

After class, Jimin attempts to make an excuse to leave, but Taehyung grabs his sleeve and insists he won't be third-wheeling anything important, to which Jimin scoffs but ultimately relents. Jeongguk is waiting outside the building (unsurprisingly, this time) and they walk towards the hub like usual. Taehyung tells Jimin to meet them on the lawn outside after he gets his food since they won't be buying any today.

Pulling out the containers from his backpack, Taehyung sits on a free spot of grass and places the containers on the ground in front of him. "I made you lunch today, Jeonggukkie. I hope that's okay."

Jeongguk plops down beside the elder. "Whoa! You made all this for me?"

Taehyung smiles. "Of course I did, silly." He peeks inside one of the containers to make sure it has the cucumber heart in it. "This one's special for you."

He feels a little embarrassed at how sappy he's being, but he isn't exaggerating his feelings all that much. The amazed face Jeongguk makes when he sees the cucumber heart makes butterflies float in his stomach pleasantly. They dig into their *kimbap* and salad happily, the rolls thankfully tasting decent. Jeongguk drops a spicy kiss on Taehyung's lips in gratitude, just before Jimin comes to sit next to them.

Jimin takes one look at the loving lunch Taehyung made and cackles. "What is this, a shoujo anime?"

Taehyung's cheeks feel hot despite how proud he is of the packed lunch. Jeongguk defends him immediately. "It's delicious. You're just jealous he didn't make you any."

Jimin glares at the youngest, proving that he is, in fact, jealous. It's not surprising given how rare home cooked food is for a college student. Out of sympathy and love for his best friend, Taehyung offers a piece of *kimbap*.

They eat their lunches in peace after that, Jimin stealing a bite of kimchi and a rice ball along the way. Taehyung is first to leave, like always, so he leaves Jeongguk with the containers, knowing they'll see each other again soon.

During his last class of the day, Taehyung wonders if Jeongguk will be waiting outside his classroom again, or if he'll just meet him at the car. Taehyung has a few questions to ask the professor, so by the time he leaves the classroom most of the students have cleared out.

Sure enough, Taehyung easily spots his boyfriend leaned against the wall outside his classroom. "You should've just waited for me at the

car. How did you get over here so quickly, anyway?" Taehyung asks, wrapping both arms around Jeongguk's when offered. There isn't any bite in his tone, but he genuinely hopes Jeongguk hasn't been inconveniencing himself.

Jeongguk flexes the arm Taehyung is holding and says, "These muscles aren't for nothing."

Taehyung squeezes his boyfriend's arm appreciatively and laughs at the younger's antics. Jeongguk ushers them to the car parked in the nearest student lot, opening the door to let Taehyung in and bowing comically before he closes the door. Jeongguk gets in and starts driving away from campus.

"Do you have plans for dinner tonight, babe?" He asks, turning onto the main street. Taehyung shakes his head no. "Wanna eat together at mine, then?"

Taehyung agrees and so they drive passed his home to head towards Jeongguk's. When they arrive at Jeongguk's apartment, Taehyung tells Jeongguk he'll work on a reading for awhile, since there's still time before dinner. Jeongguk naturally agrees and sits down with an assignment, too.

They work together for about an hour before Jeongguk sets his work aside, mumbling something along the lines of *gonna go make dinner, you keep working*. Taehyung doesn't pay him much mind, simply continuing reading his assignment, jotting notes occasionally.

Jeongguk sets about preparing a simple meal in the kitchen. He chops vegetables and boils noodles in a pot, quiet enough not to disturb Taehyung's reading. The elder finishes his reading several minutes later and tosses his schoolwork into his backpack before walking up behind Jeongguk and peering over his shoulder to see what he's doing. Jeongguk leans back into the elder, Taehyung wrapping his arms around Jeongguk's waist and asking, "What ya making?"

“*Japchae*.” Jeongguk drains the noodles and dumps the veggies and noodles into a frying pan with a bit of soy sauce.

Taehyung moans *my favorite* and walks to the fridge to grab a drink. It’s then that he notices the small table by the kitchen is set with a bouquet of flowers— daffodils and white carnations— and a lit candle from Bath and Body Works. Jeongguk must’ve noticed where Taehyung was looking because he says from the kitchen, “I also bought us a bottle of Merlot because it’s sweet and I know you don’t like bitter things. I hope it’s to your tastes.”

Taehyung flops his body exasperatedly. “You really didn’t have to do so much for me. I only made you lunch and you’re going the extra mile here.”

“That lunch was perfect, though. The *kimbap* was delicious and the decorations were so cute,” Jeongguk gushes a little, bringing two plates of *Japchae* to the table and going back to bring two wine glasses and the Merlot. “I wanted to do this for you, you deserve it. And I only got you food, too.”

Jeongguk looks off down the hallway, guiltily, before mumbling, “Well. Except for one thing.”

Taehyung gapes at his boyfriend from where he’s sitting at the table. “You got me something else?”

Jeongguk jogs down the hallway and returns with a small shopping bag. Taehyung reaches in and pulls out a wide neck, cable-knit, white sweater. The material is extremely soft and Taehyung— as unnecessary as the gift is— loves it. “I swear I didn’t plan to get you anything else, but I saw this while I was out the other day and thought

it'd look perfect on you. I would have gotten it for you anyway, it just happened to be our anniversary."

Taehyung stands and walks to where Jeongguk's sitting across from him to give him a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. "You didn't have to, but I love it. Thanks so much for everything."

Jeongguk leans up to kiss him gently on the lips. "Thank you, too. Now let's dig in while it's hot." He pours them each a glass of wine, they clink their glasses together and take a sip, then start eating. Taehyung makes overzealous noises while he slurps his noodles, making Jeongguk laugh and feel proud the dish is to his liking. Between the *japchae*, rice, and kimchi, the two quickly become full. Jeongguk hopes not too full, though, because he also made a honey-lemon cheesecake for dessert.

"Oh my Goodness, you're spoiling me," Taehyung groans when his boyfriend goes to the kitchen with their empty dishes and returns with two slices of the cheesecake. "You're going to make me chubby."

Jeongguk's eyebrows furrow as he feeds Taehyung a bite of dessert. "That's impossible; you're too skinny."

Taehyung smiles and returns the favor, taking a piece of cake onto his fork to bring to Jeongguk's mouth. They're acting greasy and overly-romantic, but Taehyung is more than caught up in the mood, enjoying the thick atmosphere and completely enamored by Jeongguk. By the look in the younger's eyes, he'd say Jeongguk is no better off.

They finish their wine and cake with hearts in their eyes, Jeongguk quickly cleaning the dishes while Taehyung flips through channels on the t.v. trying to find something to watch. His boyfriend joins him on the couch a few minutes later, wrapping an arm around Taehyung's shoulders so he can snuggle into the younger's chest. They watch

some random show dazedly for several minutes in relative silence.

Taehyung isn't paying any attention, caught up in Jeongguk's scent, nuzzling his nose into the younger's collarbone. The hand he had resting on his boyfriend's side runs across his stomach, the fabric of Jeongguk's t-shirt thin enough to feel the sculpted muscle hiding beneath, not stopping until his hand cups his boyfriend's crotch gently.

Startled, Jeongguk jumps a bit at the sudden— unexpected, but *welcome*— touch to such an intimate place. “Whoa, there, tiger.”

Taehyung giggles but doesn't move his hand, now playing with the hem of Jeongguk's jeans, dipping the tips of his fingers in teasingly. “We should do it.”

“Do it?” Jeongguk chuckles, both teasing Taehyung— his boyfriend is the cutest— for being so coy, but also checking to make sure. “Do what?”

“We should have sex,” Taehyung murmurs into the younger's neck. His hand moves back to palm at Jeongguk, Jeongguk's hand moving to grasp the elder's wrist haltingly.

“Are you sure? We don't have to.” Boy does he want to.

Taehyung pulls his head back to look Jeongguk meaningfully in the eyes. “I want it to be you. My first time.” To accentuate his point, he presses down with the heel of his hand, feeling a slight twitch of life from the younger's crotch.

Jeongguk chokes, Taehyung's words sending a shot of arousal straight to his gut. He had a feeling the elder was a virgin, but hearing the words aloud does something to him he wasn't prepared for. "Fuck, Taehyung. Okay."

Taehyung leans forward to connect their lips, his hand coming to steady his weight on Jeongguk's shoulder. Jeongguk wraps both arms around his waist and pulls Taehyung fully onto his lap. Their lips meld together, trying to keep it smooth despite how hungry they both are for it. Taehyung breaks first, opening his mouth to pull the younger's lip between his, the kiss turning open-mouthed and sloppy as the younger licks across Taehyung's lips. Taehyung makes a small noise in the back of his throat, opening up to let Jeongguk's tongue in. He starts rocking his hips in the younger's lap and pulls a frustrated groan from Jeongguk's throat.

Jeongguk wraps strong hands around the meaty part of Taehyung's thighs to lift him up, standing to take them both to the bedroom. Taehyung eagerly wraps his arms and legs around his boyfriend, trailing wet kisses along his jawline down to his neck. With Taehyung's head down, Jeongguk can easily make his way to the bed, quickly laying the elder in the pillows.

"I didn't expect this. I could've prepared more for it. Made it more special," Jeongguk speaks against Taehyung's lips, Taehyung's arms around his neck pulling him in for another deep kiss.

When Taehyung pulls away, he looks into the younger's eyes. "You've done so much for me already. I'm so thankful to have such an amazing boyfriend."

His hands trail down Jeongguk's torso to slide under the fabric of the younger's shirt, feeling warm skin stretched across strong muscles. Taehyung pulls the shirt off Jeongguk before he can speak up again. "But, Tae, don't do this because you feel like you have to pay me back. I wanted to do all this for you. You deserve it."

Taehyung presses a chaste kiss to Jeongguk's lips. "I know. I want to do this." He pauses, glancing away for a second before meeting Jeongguk's eyes again. "I haven't been able to think of anything else for awhile."

At this, Jeongguk presses his body into elder's and licks hungrily into his mouth. A groan escapes Taehyung's lips, Jeongguk a welcome weight on top of him. The younger drops kisses all along Taehyung's chin, jaw, just below his ear. He trails his lips lightly over his neck to suck a bright red hickey right above his collarbone.

Taehyung gasps at the slight sting, the feeling addicting. Jeongguk pulls back long enough to pull Taehyung's white shirt off, lips returning to golden skin as soon as the offending fabric is tossed to the side. Taehyung's hands run along the expanse of Jeongguk's shoulders, back, whatever he can reach.

Jeongguk leaves open-mouthed kisses down to a nipple, licking over the light brown flesh. He nibbles teasingly, Taehyung's body jolting and a high-pitched whine escaping his throat. The sound is a drastic change from the typical deep timber of Taehyung's voice, and Jeongguk doesn't think he could hear enough of it in his whole life.

He traces his lips across to the other nipple to give it the same treatment, Taehyung gasping beneath him, squirming for more. Jeongguk unbuttons Taehyung's trousers to tug them down to his ankles, yanking the pants off his feet and tossing them in the same direction as his shirt. Taehyung's hands cover his face when Jeongguk catches sight of his Kakao Friends briefs.

"What are you hiding your face for, baby?" Jeongguk laughs, grabbing Taehyung's wrists to pull his hands away from his face. The elder's face is red, a sheepish smile on his lips.

“I forgot I was wearing these. This is embarrassing,” Taehyung mumbles, heat pooling in his tummy despite his words.

Jeongguk rubs his hand up along Taehyung’s hardening length through his briefs. “You’re the cutest thing.”

Taehyung jolts at the pressure on his crotch. Jeongguk palms at the length, bringing him to full hardness before tucking his fingers under the waistband and taking them off. Taehyung is a sight to behold, cheeks still dusted pink from lingering embarrassment, panting lightly, pink cock hard and curving up towards his soft tummy. Jeongguk catches the elder’s hands before they’re able to cover himself in shame.

“Let me see you, baby,” Jeongguk reprimands, placing Taehyung’s hands up by his head. He skims his fingers lightly down the elder’s sides to his hips. Taehyung shivers, feeling the rough pads of Jeongguk’s fingers tickling his sides.

Jeongguk runs his hands along Taehyung’s bony hips, along the tops of his thighs, one hand moving into the inside of the elder’s thigh to pinch lightly. Taehyung yelps, and Jeongguk watches as his cock twitches against his belly. Spreading Taehyung’s legs with his hands, Jeongguk leans down to nip along the inside of the elder’s hip— right where hip meets thigh—and work the skin between his teeth.

“Sensitive, aren’t you, baby,” Jeongguk says against the skin of Taehyung’s inner thigh, Taehyung moaning as he works a hickey on the meaty flesh. “Would you like it if I sucked you off?”

“Oh, please,” Taehyung begs, hands coming down to caress Jeongguk’s cheeks. Jeongguk presses a soft kiss to Taehyung’s palm,

leaning down to lick a thick stripe up the elder's cock. Taehyung's legs instinctively close around the younger's head and a moan leaves his plush lips.

Jeongguk pushes his thighs back down noncommittally and repeats the motion, swirling his tongue around the tip, one hand coming up to stroke the base loosely. Taehyung's hips buck into the touch, Jeongguk stroking with a firmer hand, tongue working around the tip.

Taehyung whines when the younger removes his hand to suck down as much as he can take. Jeongguk bobs his head, cheeks hollowed, tongue laving at the underside with each motion.

"Oh, God," Taehyung whimpers, immediately covering his mouth with the back of his hand.

He whines again when Jeongguk pulls off. "Don't cover your mouth. You sound so pretty, I wanna hear you."

Jeongguk doesn't take him back down until Taehyung moves his hand away from his face, then takes him to the back of his throat. Taehyung's hips buck again, so Jeongguk brings firm hands to press the elder's hips into the bed. He bobs his head earnestly, bringing one hand to hold the base and follow the movement of his mouth.

Taehyung squirms and pushes at Jeongguk's head. "I— Jeonggukkie, so good. Gonna come."

He protests when Jeongguk pulls off of his cock to reach for the lube on his side table. Jeongguk presses a light kiss to his cheek.

“Have you done this before?” Jeongguk squeezes a fair amount of lube onto his fingers, bringing them down to rub gently at Taehyung’s entrance.

“Yes. I— I touched myself a few times before,” Taehyung admits shyly. He was curious, thinking about Jeongguk’s strong fingers, imagining what it’d feel like to have the boy all over him, inside of him. It was painful at first, but he’s worked into it enough times that he’s become more comfortable with it.

“How many fingers can you take?”

Taehyung blushes, too embarrassed to say it out loud. Jeongguk works the tip of his middle finger inside the elder’s hole, pressing teasingly. “Come on, tell me.”

“Th—Three. I usually only do two, but I can take three.” Jeongguk nods, leaning down to leave a warm kiss on Taehyung’s lips. Lips still on the elder’s, Jeongguk presses his finger the rest of the way in. He’s tight— Taehyung’s walls are clenching around just this one finger, and Jeongguk’s dick throbs at the thought of his tight heat around him— but there isn’t much resistance.

Taehyung chokes on a sob, legs falling farther open on the bed. Jeongguk works the finger gently in small strokes, feeling the elder relax more around his finger. He squirts more lube onto Taehyung’s hole before adding another finger. Taehyung whines at the stretch, but gives an encouraging nod for Jeongguk to keep moving.

Jeongguk thrusts his fingers slowly, patiently stretching the elder open. When he feels Taehyung relax a bit more, he curls his fingers, rubbing around the inside, scissoring his fingers lightly. Taehyung’s tight, but he isn’t resisting his fingers much, rather sucking them in greedily. “This good? You like my fingers, baby?”

Taehyung whines and works his hips down on the younger's hand, Jeongguk curling his fingers, the tips just barely grazing Taehyung's prostate. He pulls his fingers out, thrusting in a little harder and curling his fingers inside. Taehyung moans, hands flying up to grip at the pillow beneath his head. "Ah— Jeongguk. Th—that—"

"There? Like that?" Jeongguk asks, not really needing an answer. He repeats the motion, thrusting his fingers in deep and curling, hitting it a little better this time and pressing the pads of his fingers into it. Taehyung sobs out a moan.

Jeongguk leans down to press his tongue to the tip of Taehyung's cock, fingers still working deep inside him. Taehyung cries out, hips bucking, unsure whether to thrust onto Jeongguk's fingers or closer to his warm, wet mouth. Tongue flicking along the frenulum, he pulls his fingers out to add the third. Taehyung groans this time, the stretch burning a bit having not used so many fingers in awhile.

The younger stills his fingers for a moment to wrap his lips around the head of Taehyung's cock. After a moment he works the fingers all the way in and keeping them deep, gently pressing against Taehyung's prostate. He keeps working his tongue along the tip until the elder relaxes significantly around his fingers.

He's able to curl his fingers better to rub harshly against that spot, Taehyung whimpering above him. Jeongguk starts thrusting, pulling away to watch Taehyung's hole stretch around three fingers, pretty pink muscle clenching around him.

Taehyung reaches down to swat at Jeongguk's hand, thighs trembling weakly. "Jeongguk, close, again."

Jeongguk pulls his fingers out, taking another second to watch the entrance throb around the emptiness. He grabs a condom from the table and rips the foil package off. Taehyung watches through hooded eyes as the younger practically rips his pants and boxers off, rolls the condom on and squirts lube along his length.

“Hurry. Want it inside me,” Taehyung murmurs, lips swollen and glistening with spit from biting them earlier.

Jeongguk bends down to nibble Taehyung’s lower lip and line himself up with Taehyung’s hole. “You ready, baby?”

“Please, Jeonggukkie,” Taehyung whines, wrapping his arms around the younger’s neck. Jeongguk slides his hands up the backs of Taehyung’s thighs to spread them wider. He pushes in slowly, feeling Taehyung clench tightly around him, hearing him whimper weakly.

Taehyung’s so tight around him, the feeling almost making him dizzy with pleasure. He pauses, as much as he wants to push all the way in, waiting for Taehyung to get used to the feeling. When he relaxes enough, Jeongguk pushes the rest of the way in, leaning down to lick along Taehyung’s lips.

Taehyung opens his mouth for Jeongguk, unable to do much else but let Jeongguk have his way. Jeongguk cants his hips shallowly against Taehyung’s, hitting deeper than his fingers ever could. The younger groans, barely able to move with how tight Taehyung is. “Fuck, baby. Feels so good.”

“Mm... More,” the elder mumbles, moaning when Jeongguk pulls out halfway and pushes back in. They move slowly at first, with shallow thrusts to let Taehyung adjust to Jeongguk’s size. Once Jeongguk’s able to pull all the way out, he thrusts in deep, brushing against his boyfriend’s prostate.

“There. Yes, Jeongguk.” Taehyung whines and wraps his legs around Jeongguk. The younger thrusts again, hitting harder each time. He moves his hands from Taehyung’s thighs to his hips, pulling him down to meet each thrust inside. Taehyung sobs when Jeongguk hits it straight on, tummy coiling, already on edge from all the times Jeongguk brought him there and stopped.

“Is it good? You feel so hot around me, babe.” Jeongguk snaps his hips deep, pushing Taehyung up into the pillows. He keeps his cock deep, grinding into Taehyung’s hole, lifting his hips to get a better angle. “Fuck, I’m close.”

“Me, too. C’mon, Jeonggukkie, do it,” Taehyung gasps. Jeongguk thrusts harder, the words going straight to his cock, working in deep. He brings a hand down to stroke his boyfriend’s cock in time with his thrusts, chasing their orgasms. His movements turn sloppy and erratic as he gets closer, tip of his cock massaging Taehyung’s prostate every other thrust.

“Tae— shit, Tae, I’m coming,” Jeongguk groans into the elder’s shoulder, hips stuttering and burying deep as he comes into the condom. He works his hips through his orgasm, hand still stroking Taehyung’s dick between their stomachs.

“Ah— Jeongguk, please, please,” Taehyung begs, fucking himself as best he can on Jeongguk’s cock, feeling each shot of hot cum deep inside him. Jeongguk’s hips thrust shakily, sensitive from orgasm, but determined to make Taehyung come.

He focuses his hand on the tip of the elder’s cock, thrusting deep one last time before Taehyung spills all over Jeongguk’s hand. It’s thick, covering most of Jeongguk’s fingers in stickiness, dripping languidly out of his cock. The cum slowly drips from his fingers onto Taehyung’s stomach, and Jeongguk collects it and brings his hand back to stroke

Taehyung's cock.

Jeongguk pulls out but keeps his hand on the elder's cock, stroking quickly and listening to the filthy noises it makes, covered in Taehyung's cum. Taehyung whimpers, thighs squeezing together and trapping Jeongguk's hand between them. The younger pries his thighs apart with one hand, speeding up the hand on Taehyung's cock.

"Jeongguk— Jeongguk, please," Taehyung begs, not sure what he's even asking for. His cock is sensitive from having just come, his legs trembling. He can't stop wiggling back and forth, mind saying *move away* but his body wanting more. "Jeongguk. Sensitive."

"Want me to stop?" When Taehyung doesn't say anything, cheeks flushed, mouth babbling, he grips the base of Taehyung's dick with one hand and brings the other palm to circle around the tip quickly.

Taehyung sobs at the oversensitivity, one arm thrown over his eyes and the other weakly grasping at Jeongguk's wrist. His thighs tremble where they lay limp at his sides. "Jeongguk, stop, I'm—"

Jeongguk doesn't stop, taking on a teasing lilt in his voice when he asks, "You're gonna what, baby?"

Taehyung covers half his face with one hand. "I'll pee, Jeonggukkie." He moans, hips twitching up into the younger's hands. Jeongguk wraps one hand around the tip and works it over the tip. "Gukkie—"

"It's okay, baby." He works his hand quickly, enjoying as Taehyung's body squirms in the sheets. "You can let it go."

Taehyung whimpers, and Jeongguk feels a bit of wetness on his sticky fingers. He moves his hand out of the way to watch as Taehyung weakly spurts a bit of pee over his tummy. Jeongguk strokes quickly with one hand, Taehyung peeing in small little bursts, crying out at how sensitive he feels.

A little bit squirts directly into his belly button, pooling around the slight divot in his stomach and dripping down on one side. Another bit splashes a tad higher on Taehyung's chest, his sternum glistening and little drops dotting down his rib cage. Taehyung's hips jump with each gush, causing each small stream to shoot in a different direction, effectively covering the elder in a sheen of wetness.

Taehyung reaches down eventually, Jeongguk's touch almost becoming painful, pushing at both of the younger's hands. Jeongguk finally relents, removing his hands and smiling down at his boyfriend. "Are you okay?"

Taehyung can barely nod, body still shaking from so much stimulation. Jeongguk doesn't want to leave him alone, but there's piss and cum all over his hands and Taehyung's stomach, so he goes to wash his hands and bring a warm towel to wipe Taehyung's belly, gently wiping the elder's puffy hole, as well. They're still sweaty and gross, but it will have to wait until Taehyung has come back to himself.

Jeongguk lays down and pulls the elder into his side, Taehyung snuggling up to him tiredly. "Baby, don't fall asleep yet. We really need to shower."

Taehyung hums in agreement, tucking his head into the divot of Jeongguk's neck and shoulder. Jeongguk rubs his hands up and down Taehyung's spine, feeling each bump of bone. He kisses Taehyung's temple lovingly, listening as his breaths slow and steady into an even rhythm.

After a few minutes, Jeongguk is able to get Taehyung up and into the shower, supporting most of the elder's weight. Taehyung leans back into Jeongguk's chest as he lathers shampoo into his hair, rinsing it out while the younger shampoos his own hair. They work body wash into each other's skin lazily before stepping out of the shower into the softest towels.

Jeongguk takes a hand towel and dries Taehyung's hair for him. In Jeongguk's room they get dressed in old t-shirts and fresh boxers. Jeongguk thanks God for his taste in baggy clothing, admiring the way his shirt engulfs Taehyung's small frame, draping delicately over the elder's slim shoulders.

Before getting into bed, Taehyung remembers to text his mom that he'll be staying at Jeongguk's since they got "caught up working on assignments and he doesn't want to worry about getting home". They snuggle together in the fresh sheets (Jeongguk quickly changed them while Taehyung was on the phone with his mother), Taehyung's head resting on Jeongguk's arm, one of Taehyung's legs thrown across the younger's.

"Good night, baby," Jeongguk whispers into the elder's soft hair. Taehyung squirms impossibly closer, breaths ghosting over Jeongguk's collarbones.

"Good night, Jeonggukkie. Happy one hundred days."

End Notes

is it bad that i kinda wanna make a sequel... lol maybe next year

this isn't meant to come across as minimizing struggles of coming out/being in a church community/etc. i just really am not a fan of angst and wanted more of a happy ending (or happy beginning to end lol)

tbh the smut wasn't that great but oh well

also is it just me or was the spacing a little wonky in this lmk

as always, check me out on the [twitter](#) i post aus every so often and mainly brainstorm ideas to myself

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